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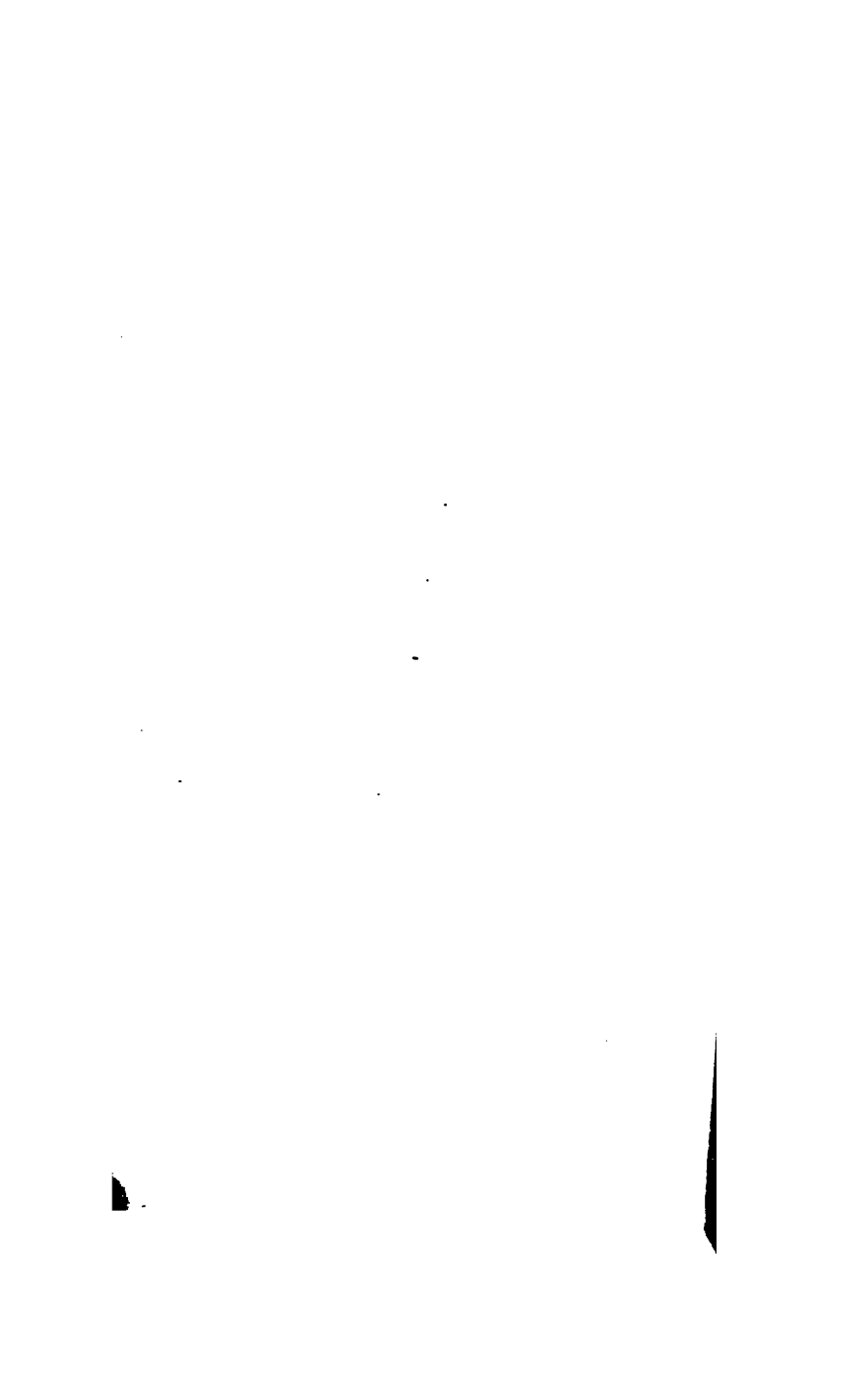
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100



SONGS OF THE VINE
WITH A MEDLEY
FOR MALTWORMS



SONGS OF THE VINE

WITH A MEDLEY FOR MALT- WORMS: SELECTED AND EDITED BY WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON

7

Sir Toby Belch. Shall we rouse the night-owl
in a catch that will draw three souls out of one
weaver? Shall we do that?

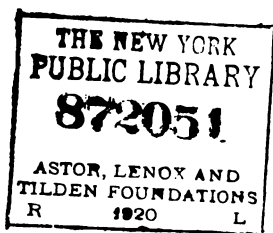
Sir Andrew Aguecheek. An' you love me, let's
do't: I am dog at a catch.

Twelfth Night, Act ii. Sc. 3.

A. H. BULLEN

47 Great Russell Street

London. MCMIV




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PREFACE

FOR their courtesy in granting permission to include copyright poems in this volume, I am much indebted to the following men of letters and publishers: Messrs. Hilaire Belloc, Robert Bridges, C. W. Dalmon, John Davidson, Norman R. Gale, John Masefield, Arthur Symons, and the late Charles Godfrey Leland; Professors A. E. Housman and Michael Macmillan; Messrs. Blackwood and Sons (for Lord Neaves's "I'm very fond of water"), Mr. Elkin Mathews (for Hovey's "Kavanagh"), Mr. Nutt (for four poems by Mr. Henley), Mr. Grant Richards (for confirming Professor Housman's sanction to include a poem from *A Shropshire Lad*), and Messrs. G. Routledge and Sons, Ltd. (for two poems by W. J. Linton). I have also to thank Sir Theodore Martin for kindly permitting me to print one of the joyous ballads of "Bon Gaultier," Mrs. Calverley and Sir Walter J.



Sendall, G.C.M.G., for C. S. Calverley's "Beer," and Mr. A. H. Huth for two poems from *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies of the Seventeenth Century*. I regret that I was unable to obtain sanction to include the late Lord de Tabley's "Hodge Prologizes at his Public."

This note must not conclude without grateful acknowledgment of the valued suggestions I have received from Mr. A. H. Bullen and the late W. E. Henley.

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INTRODUCTION

"TOBACCO, Ale, and the Protestant Religion," wrote that eminent member of the Reformed Church, Tom Brown, "are the three great Blessings of Life." Blessings of any sort, when we can get them, are surely quite as well fitted for lyric celebration as those gloomier themes which have such attraction for some poets—especially poets of the minor variety; and with the poetry and verse of the first of Tom's blessings I have already dealt.¹ The Protestant Religion, respect it as I may, does not appeal to me as the theme of an anthology, and hymn-books, after all, are plentiful and bulky and cheap. But ale and its fellows, wine and strong waters generally, have for many a long year lacked a volume devoted to their praises as sung by the poets. Indeed, my only predecessor in the field, so far as I know, has been Mr. William Sandys, who, in 1848, edited for the Percy Society a pleasant little book of

¹ *Lyra Nicotiana*. London, 1898.

Festive Songs which did not, however, extend in scope beyond the early years of the eighteenth century. The present collection, on the other hand, ranges from the twelfth century to the present year of grace, from Walter Mapes (or another) to William Ernest Henley, who, in addition to permitting the inclusion of some of his own poems, interested himself in my project and materially assisted my selection. A selection, and only a selection, this book can be. The mass of verse which has been devoted to the subject would fill many huge tomes. Poems of almost epic dimensions have been penned, indeed, like Philips's "Cider" and Warton's "Panegyric on Oxford Ale." Doubtless I shall be reproved for omissions and perhaps for some of my inclusions, but, since there is no pleasing everybody, the most satisfactory course seems to be that of following one's own predilections without apology.

Nor do I see need for apology on the ground of subject. It was George the Third, I believe, who, when a certain ecclesiastic was recommended for a bishopric on the ground that he had written an excellent *Apology for the Bible*, remarked that he was unaware the Bible required any apology. My view of a collection of drinking songs is somewhat similar, though no doubt there are intolerably conscientious

persons, the salt of the earth, who would regard such a volume as requiring not only apology, but penance in a white sheet to boot. It is not my purpose, however, to argue with such opinions. He who spurns a gracious gift that Nature, aided by the ingenuity of man, has provided for us, is as unreasonable in his way as he who abuses the gift by excess—and the former suffers the additional drawback of being unable to appreciate fitly such a garland of lyric rapture as the present. He confuses use with abuse, and does not recognise that the eternal verity that you can have a great deal too much of a good thing, implies that in moderation the thing *is* excellent. Let us take two analogies—religious emotion and a fish-diet. To the former the world is enormously indebted no doubt, but an excess of it drove poor Cowper, and has driven many another, crazy; the latter has been extolled in all ages as a stimulus to mental and other functions (“Fish-dinners will make a lass spring like a flea”), but it was a surfeit of lampreys that brought Henry the First to his grave. Even goodness itself is capable of exaggeration, some philosophers have held. “What we call Evil in this World, Moral as well as Natural,” says Mandeville, prince of special pleaders, “is the grand Principle that makes us sociable Creatures, the solid Basis,

the Life and Support of all Trades and Employments without Exception.”¹

Had one but the wit, how eloquent a homily, after the manner of Lamb’s *Popular Fallacies*, might be preached in praise of pothouses from this text. To the Chancellor of the Exchequer how fair a prospect they present of flowing revenues, to the moral philosopher how beautiful such a scene as that depicted by Heine!—

“The noble soul ! we sat there together,
And drank, too, like brothers,
Discoursing of lofty, mysterious matters,
Sighing and sinking in solemn embraces.
He made me a convert to Love’s holy doctrine ;
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemy,
And I forgave the worst of all poets,
As I myself some day shall be forgiven.”²

It was surely in this spirit that Renan in his essay on Amiel remarked :—

“The temperance societies rest upon excellent intentions, but also upon a misunderstanding. I only know of one argument in their favour. Madame T. told me one day that in certain countries the married men, when they have not been temperate, beat their wives. Now that is horrible assuredly ; we must try to correct it. But, instead of suppressing drunkenness in those who have a need for it, would it not be better to attempt to render it sweet, amiable, and accompanied by the moral sentiments ? There are so many men for whom the

¹ *The Fable of the Bees*. Sixth edition. London, 1732, p. 428.

² Heine’s *Book of Songs*, translated by Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia, 1864.

hours of drunkenness are, after the hours of love, the time when they are at their best !”

But for our present purpose the best defence of drinking would be neither financial nor ethical, but literary: let us try to realise the good literature and the good oratory that wine has inspired. Brought up on port from infancy, Pitt was as great a drinker as a statesman and speaker; Gladstone, in our own more sober days, is said to have fortified himself for any great speech with an egg beaten up in sherry. Here, however, we are concerned only with poetry, and the intimate connection of wine and the Muses need scarce be insisted on.

“Gold, music, wine, tobacco, and good cheer
Make poets soar aloft and sing out clear,”

wrote John Day, early in the seventeenth century probably, and a couple of centuries later Dr. Maginn, of joyous memory, confessed—

“My muse is always kindest when I court her
O'er whisky punch, gin-twist, strong beer and porter.”

It cannot be said that in our poets drinking has been obtrusively accompanied by the moral sentiments, as M. Renan would have it, but for this, on the whole, we may be thankful. There is no surer sign of our morals being out of order than the inclination to discuss them, and didactic

poetry is somewhat of a contradiction in terms. And yet as prologue—or, considering its source, shall we say grace?—we have the Latin poem of an Archdeacon to give the book the benefit of clergy. An Archdeacon has been luminously defined as a dignitary who exercises archidiaconal functions, and good Walter Mapes, if he really wrote “*Mihi est propositum*,”¹ seems to have understood these functions with a breadth that would scandalise some of his modern brethren, though not perhaps one clerical *bon vivant* of whom I have heard. This reverend gentleman, when dining out and asked to say grace, would glance round the board first, and, if the banquet promised well, begin: “Bountiful Jehovah!” if the reverse: “Lord, we thank Thee even for the least of these Thy mercies.” Within a few pages is another renowned drinking song with a tradition of ecclesiastical authorship. But it is now quite clear that “Back and Side” was written long before it was included in *Gammer Gurton’s Needle*, and Bishop Still’s credit, even for that, is impugned nowadays. We do not get drinking songs from contemporary Bishops and Archdeacons. Indeed, I do not know of a recent example by a parson of any kind; but in the eighteenth century it was the Rev. John Home who pro-

¹ Brief allusion is made to this question of authorship in the Notes.

nounced the famous epigram on claret and port in Scotland,¹ and a Doctor of Divinity, the Rev. John Blacklock, who wrote so appreciatively of punch. Of another Scots divine of the period, the Rev. Alexander Webster, leader of the high-flying party in the Kirk of Scotland, it is written:—

“Webster had justly obtained much respect amongst the clergy. . . . He was held to be excellent company, even by those of dissolute manners; while, being a five-bottle man, he could lay them all under the table. This had brought on him the nickname of Dr. Bonum Magnum in the time of faction.”²

Mr. Webster’s accomplishments recall a couple of lines from “The Holy Fair”—

“There’s some are fou o’ love divine,
There’s some are fou o’ brandy.”

He, good man, successfully achieved both repletions.

As certain significant pages in this volume testify, that unique example of pagan and Christian amalgam, the Rector of Dean Prior, Devon, must often have heard the chimes at midnight in his roistering Cambridge and London days, and—

¹ “Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
‘Let him drink port,’ an English statesman cried—
He drank the poison, and his spirit died.”

² Rev. Alexander Carlyle, *Autobiography*, p. 240. Edinburgh, 1860.

"Have out-worn
The fresh and fairest flourish of the morn
With flame, and rapture ; drinking to the odd
Number of wine, which makes us full with God."

His fine "Ode for Ben Jonson" is a brief but noble tribute to the lyric feasts of a day when the blight of respectability had not settled upon poets. With the great name of Ben how many hostelries are associated: the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun, the Falcon, the Mitre, the Sun and the Half Moon which he linked in an epigram, the Swan at Charing Cross, which he had good reason to remember, since an extempore versified grace ending with a blessing on the head of Rafe, the Swan's drawer, delivered before James the First, was rewarded by that monarch (I give the story with due reserve on Aubrey's authority) with a gift of £100! But it is the Old Devil tavern between Temple Bar and Middle Temple Lane, the house of Simon Wadloe, "old Simon the King," that we connect most with Jonson's literary dictatorship. There in the Apollo room, the holy of holies, men of letters gave themselves a standing by "sealing themselves of the tribe of Ben," and his mountain belly and rocky face presided over as notable a roomful of poets and dramatists as Elizabethan London, with one exception, could produce. That one exception was, of course, the Mermaid, with

which we associate not only Jonson's name but a greater, and the traffic of speech at which moved Beaumont to a pitch of admiring enthusiasm—

“What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.”

Raleigh is said to have been the founder of the gatherings at the Mermaid, which was undoubtedly in Bread Street, Cheapside, though laboriously ingenious attempts have been made to locate it elsewhere. It will be remembered that two of Jonson's friends—

“At Bread Street's Mermaid having dined, and merry,
Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry.”

Under present conditions such a proposal would suggest the mixed metaphor of the orator who said he looked forward to the time when the good ship “Temperance” would sail proudly over the land, but in those days London had that open sewer, the Fleet Ditch; and from Bridewell the two navigators set sail, their progress being described with a needless and noisome prolixity by Jonson in the verses with which he celebrates the voyage. Gifford, without apparently very much evidence to go upon, gives sundry precise details of the Mermaid

circle. In addition to Shakespeare and Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others of distinction, were, he tells us, regular frequenters. But, in any case, there can be no doubt that such a society of wine and wit was not merely a pleasant legend, for were no other evidence extant, Beaumont's lines would amply prove its existence. Fuller's account of the symposia gives the impression of having been received from an eye-witness, and shows admirable characterisation.

It is to Thomas Dekker, author of two of the most spirited of drinking songs, that we must go for the best account of tavern life in the early seventeenth century, and the details he gives are not the less interesting because they are presented under the form of an awful warning. Herrick, too much of an Epicurean at heart to feel the sting of conscience keenly, looked back on London revelries from his quiet parsonage in "the dull confines of the drooping West" with a pleasant zest of reminiscence. Dekker, who has a strain of that Puritanism caricatured by Jonson in *Zeal-of-the-Land Busy*, with his denunciation of bottle ale as "a drink of the Devil's, a diet drink devised to puff us up and make us swell in this latter age of vanity," is seized at times with horror of his own prodigalities and those of others,

and plays the Juvenal to his age. Sometimes it is in high-strung rhetoric, as in those colloquies of Bellafront and Hippolito,¹ where humour to relax the tension is wanting, sometimes in prose tractates, in which he endeavours to vanquish vice by rendering it ridiculous; but the same intention animates both rhetoric and satire, and he speaks as one who has himself been flown with insolence and wine, and tarried in the house of the strange woman. "There is a Hell named in our Creed and a Heaven, and the Hell comes before; if we look not into the first, we shall never live in the last." So when the fire of Spring lies in ashes and the wine-cup is empty, Dekker sits down and writes *The Seven Deadly Sins of London* and *The Gull's Horn Book*.² That his satire in both these books has both wit and whimsical humour, only makes its flight the farther and aim the surer, for in truth a dull satire has no right to exist.

There is a certain quaint fantasy in his making one of the Deadly Sins Candle-light, which in his view has a peculiar glamour that

¹ *The Honest Whore*, Part I. Act ii. Sc. 1, and Part II. Act iv. Sc. 1.

² Dekker's extensive knowledge of the criminal and vagrant classes was utilised in other works of the same character, like *The Bellman of London*, *Lanthorne and Candle-light*, and *O Per Se O*.

does anything but make for righteousness. The *Horn Book* professes to be a handy guide for young men from the country who wish to cut a dash in London, and, indeed, despite ironical intention, might well have served its ostensible purpose. The would-be gallant is taken in hand from the moment he rises, which must not be too early, for his mentor, anticipating Lamb, warns him against venturing from his blankets before the morning be well aired; and is led from a promenade in St. Paul's to a midday dinner at an ordinary, followed later by a visit to the playhouse. Naturally the evening is to be spent at a tavern. To find the best for his purpose, the Gull must inquire in which the customers are oftenest drunk, and, once he has found it, must cultivate familiarity with the servants. Even as it is the custom in some circles to-day to know and address barmaids by their Christian names, so, in default of barmaids, the Elizabethan gilded youth must "grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawers." By which prudent good-fellowship he may expect credit on days of empty pockets, and always have the best liquors on tap. In these liquors a narrow specialism should be avoided, and a catholic taste cultivated; it is the height of accomplishment "to drink any stranger drunk in his own element of drinke."

1

Such a universal scholarship was then possible. Even as the Elizabethan philosopher might hope to master the whole circle of the sciences, so in drinking he might achieve a completeness of experience, which in these latter days of Continental importations and American bars the most conscientious student would hesitate to attempt. Falstaff, on the other hand (and if he was not an authority, who could be?), strongly recommended an exclusive taste: "If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them would be to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack."

But what was sack? Let us leave the Gull for the moment to make friends with the skinkers, and consider the wine which inspired so many songs in these pages, and abandonment of which drew from Herrick so exquisite a farewell. There is, it must be confessed, considerable doubt on the question. That industrious creature, the Shakespearian commentator, has covered pages with illustrative citations and ingenuities of surmise. The word itself is obviously the French *sec* (dry), and in a French version of a Privy Council proclamation of 1633, *vins secs* is the translation given of "sacks" in the original. Nares roundly argues that it was at first precisely the wine we now call sherry—and

certainly for long the two words were indiscriminately used¹—but, to explain Malaga and Canary sacks,² goes on to say that later it was applied to all white wines, whether sweet or dry, and quotes Dr. Venner's *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam* (1637). Discussing the common practice of sweetening sack with sugar, Venner remarks: "But what I have spoken of mixing Sugar with Sack, must be understood of Sherie Sack, for to mix Sugar with other Wines, that in a common appellation are called Sack, & are sweeter in taste, makes it unpleasant to the pallat and fulsome to the stomach."³ We may find, I think, a clue to an understanding of sack in Venner's phrase "a common appellation." In spite of purists, words change their meaning,

¹ "Give me sack, old sack, boys,
To make the Muses merry,
The life of mirth and the joy of the earth
Is a cup of good old sherry."

Pasquil's Palinodia, 1619; for more of this ballad, see p. 40.

² "Some sack, boy."

"Good sherry sack, sir?"

"I meant Canary, sir! What, hast no brains?"

Heywood and Rowley's *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655.

³ Venner's remarks on wine, ale, etc., are of considerable interest to the student of the subject. Thus he devotes one section to gravely discussing "Whether it be expedient for health, to be drunk with Wine once or twice a moneth," a question to which he returns a negative.

and the truth probably is that sack, at first the name of a dry Spanish wine, acquired with its amazing popularity a looser, more extended significance. In his *History of Ancient and Modern Wines*, Henderson points out that many sacks might be, at different times, both sweet and dry, sweet when new, dry after having been kept for some time to ensure decomposition of free saccharine matter. Dry wine was not, however, to the taste of the time, and dry sack was usually sugared, or "burnt," or treated with the exuberant complication which resulted in sack posset, an invariable concomitant of wedding festivities.¹

¹ It may serve a practical purpose to quote a rhyming recipe for sack posset by Sir Fleetwood Shepherd :—

"From fam'd Barbadoes in the Western Main,
Fetch sugar, ounces four ; fetch sack from Spain,
A pint ; and from the Eastern Indian coast,
Nutmeg, the glory of our Northern toast :
O'er flaming coals let them together heat,
Till the all-conquering sack dissolve the sweet.
O'er such another fire put eggs, just ten,
Stir them, with steady hand and conscience pricking
To see the untimely end of ten fine chicken.
From shining shelf take down the brazen skillet,
A quart of milk from gentle cow will fill it.
When boil'd and cold, put milk and sack to egg,
Unite them firmly like the Triple League ;
And on the fire let them together dwell
Till Miss sing twice—'You must not kiss and tell.'
Then lad and lass take up a silver spoon,
And fall on't fiercely, like a starv'd dragoon."

Whatever sack was, we will suppose the Gull to have had his fill of it; possibly, following his instructor's counsel, he may have mingled his drinks—tasted the Malmsey so fatal to the Duke of Clarence, Rhenish, with an over-dose of which, combined with pickled herrings, poor Robert Greene killed himself, Charneco, Peter-see-me, Alegant, bastard, or claret. This last was an increasingly popular wine during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially in Scotland, as Home's epigram, already quoted, shows. Mr. Shaw, an authority on wine, tells us that when ships from Bordeaux or Rochelle arrived at Leith, the casks of claret were put on wheelbarrows and retailed along the streets. It was not the claret we know now, he says, but probably a strong white wine, either sweet or dry. In spite of Mr. Shaw, however, I should say that claret was usually red. When Prince Arthur espoused Catharine of Aragon, there was a fountain running red claret and white "at the west door of Powles," and, passing on to the seventeenth century, we have Tom D'Urfey's toper protesting his attachment to his "flask of dear red," and Brome describing it as a scarlet liquor. Our Gull, meanwhile, is waiting for his reckoning, which he must settle without too curious a survey of its items: "cast your eie onely upon the *Totalis*, and no further; for

to traverse the bill, would betray you to be acquainted with the rates of the market." So his inaugural day as a "trampler of time" comes to a close, and we can imagine him next morning, crying aloud with Christopher Sly: "For God's sake a pot of small ale. . . . And once again a pot of the smallest ale!" For in those benighted days and for long after, soda-water was an unknown luxury, and the morning's reflections were only to be moistened with small beer.¹

Beer from its smallest to its greatest is a vast subject, and one that would repay a profounder and more recondite study than it has yet received. Certain antiquarians have traced its origin to ancient Egypt, some, indeed, with more precise research, attributing the invention to Osiris; and substantiation for this theory may be found in Ned Ward, who tells of having met in some of his wanderings with some particularly strong ale called "Old Pharaoh" — "because it would not let the people go."

¹ The earliest literary allusion to soda-water of which I know is in *Don Juan*, canto ii. stanza 180, where Byron recommends it, mixed with hock, as a morning draught after a night's heavy drinking:—

"Not the first sparkle of the desert spring,
Not Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water."

But these antiquities need not concern us here; there are no Egyptian drinking songs in this collection, which, none the less, leading as it does from the unknown singer of "Back and Side" to Mr. Hilaire Belloc with his admirable Sussex song, can claim to be a worthy celebration of ale. Our ancestors under Queen Bess, who was in the habit of drinking a quart as her breakfast allowance, had as much variety as we in their ale, if not more. The very names roll alluringly on the tongue: October, March beer, stingo, purl, huff-cup, nippitato, oil of barley, stitchback, mum, Norfolk nog. More, they sublimed their ale with spices in a fashion now almost forgotten. "Mark you, sir," says Adam in Greene's *Looking Glass for London and England*, "a pot of ale consists of four parts, imprimis the ale, the toast, the ginger, and the nutmeg." Well might Marston sing that such a mixture "puts down all drink when it is stale."

In a curious pamphlet, remarkable for its number of bad puns, *Ale Ale-vated into the Ale-titude*, published in 1650, John Taylor the Water Poet (one is sometimes tempted in reading his multifarious writings to call the cognomen in question), gives some information of other potations of his time. Cider, he tells us, is the most ancient of drinks, Cain, who got the recipe from his mother Eve—naturally an

authority on apples—having made a large fortune by it. Metheglin, which from being in high favour had by the seventeenth century fallen into disuse, was, according to Taylor, first made by a Welshman called Matthew, who dwelt in a *glinne* or valley at the foot of Penmaenmawr. The word mead he boldly claims, with all the happy confidence of the popular etymologist, to be derived from the Medes and Persians. Pomperkin, a preparation from apples, has been traced to Pompey the Great, “but,” says our author, “it is not probable that so great a Spirit was the Inventor of so smal and inconsiderable a drinke it is a poore conditioned confection.”

As is well known, the original inventor of wine was Noah, and it is regrettable that, after the manner of seafaring men in general when they come ashore after a long voyage, he should have got drunk so soon. Rabbinical legend tells us that—

“When Noah first planted the Vine,
The Devil contrived to be there,”

as he usually does contrive to be present on historical occasions; and when the patriarch poured the blood of a white lamb without spot as a libation on the delicate root, Satan followed by drenching the young plant with that of a lion, an ape, and a hog: the natural result

being that, while moderation in the cup promotes only the innocent gaiety of the lamb, deeper draughts bring the lion, ape, and hog to light. It is to be hoped that the reader will find in the following pages only an innocent gaiety, though some of these poets, to judge by their sentiments, must have been toppers indeed. But the lyric poet has by the nature of things to wing his words with some exaggeration. He has been described as endowed with the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn; not unreasonably then may he soar in his cups to dizzy heights untouched by the prosaic drinker, and his song, the vivid feeling of a moment transfused into speech, touch extremes.

Of the songs and verses of this collection I need say little individually, though in the Notes I have tried to give sources as far as possible, and to explain a few allusions. For the most part they do not make appeal as poetry of the highest order, though some certainly have the touch of greatness—Mr. Henley's "Spirit of Wine," for instance, which fitly closes the volume in a strain that recalls some great musician's sonata carried into the realm of poetry. Yet they make appeal to instincts which, despite all our modern refinements, spring eternal in the masculine human breast at least. We may be uncommonly respectable,

but there are still cakes and ale, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. Not even the susceptibilities of the most totally abstinent ascetic, however, could be ruffled by the fine old eulogy of the Vine, by an unknown author, from the Vespasian MS., a happy expression of that sober and cheerful Christianity which we associate with such as Fuller and George Herbert. The final stanza, with its suddenly developed sacred application, strikes no jarring tone, but comes as a fit ending to a poem of singular sweetness and fragrance. In the wassail song, "Bring us in good ale," we have a more boisterous note. How heartily must the gossips have roared out the refrain to an *obligato* of mugs on the table! Assuredly the drinking song must have a chorus, as most of our poets have recognised; indeed, the singable quality, so to speak, of the majority of the lyrics is remarkable, not least so when the burthen is pure nonsense like the "Fa la la lantido dilly" of "We be soldiers three."

The last is interesting historically also, for if we are to believe some social historians, the English acquired their lamentable propensity to more liquor than was good for them from the example of the many veterans of fortune who had returned from the wars in the Low Coun-

tries,¹ the same quarter, be it remembered, as that where Corporal Trim averred there had been so much swearing. Other soldier-songs include Fletcher's barrack-room ballad of the period, "Sit, soldiers, sit and sing"; Robert Heath's cavalier lyric, struck off in white heat, one can believe, during some siege in the Great Rebellion; and the manly ditty "How stands the glass around," to which the tragic tradition hangs of Wolfe having sung it the night before he fell in the moment of victory on the Heights of Abraham. It has much more spirit and sincerity than the majority of its period, the eighteenth century, so far as quantity goes, the harvest-time of drinking songs; but drinking songs of a more leaden movement, a more prosaic tone, a greater tendency to run in grooves of conventional expression, than those of the Elizabethan and Caroline periods with their unstudied grace and spontaneity. It is a long way from "Old Simon the King," "The Leather Bottel," and the songs from the Elizabethan dramas to those which form the bulk of Bacchic verse in the convivial treasuries of the eighteenth century—the *Tea Table Miscellany* (was ever so misleading a title?), the *Hive*, the *Musical Miscellany*, the *Buck's Bottle Companion*, and the rest of them.

¹ Heywood in *Philocothonista* gives "Low-Countrey Souldier" as a synonym for drunkard.

I hope I shall not be deemed guilty of national vanity, if I profess my belief that the best eighteenth-century drinking songs came from beyond Tweed. Burns, of course, was a host in himself; and "Todlin Hame" and "Andro and his Cutty Gun" are in their gust and realism equal to anything of the master's in the same *genre*.

The nineteenth century is, all things considered, fairly productive of our class of song. But the drinking song of the populace—the English populace, I mean, for in Scotland they still sing Burns—is no longer fit for presentation as a literary product. The convivialities of the music-halls, as mouthed by those wearisome gentlemen in dilapidated trousers and battered hats, are dull as ditchwater. Yet the last hundred years have contributed some capital numbers to this collection. What nobler eulogy of beer than Calverley's, what richer Irish humour than that of the songs which Lever puts into the mouth of Micky Free; to come down to the men of to-day and to-morrow, what could have more "go" than Richard Hovey's "Kavanagh," Mr. Davidson's "Stoop of Rhenish," and Mr. Masefield's "Captain Stratton's Fancy"? There is a pleasing variety, too, about the modern Bacchic Muse. While one singer assures us that—

"malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man,"

and Mr. Henley, in an impressive little poem, says bluntly: "Let us be drunk," the absinthe drinker of Mr. Arthur Symons fuddles himself into a set of subtle and artistic sensations, which the mere quaffer of Bass and Guinness would assuredly toil after in vain.

But the true philosophy of drinking is nowhere to be found expressed with more finality than in the wonderful poem on which a Persian astronomer of the eleventh, and an English poet of the nineteenth century collaborated. In verse of imperishable beauty it sounds an eternal note that echoes all through literature: in the *Book of Wisdom*, in Horace's—

"Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
flores amœnæ ferre iube rosæ,
dum res et ætas et sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra,"

in Herrick's "Gather ye roses while ye may," in Fletcher's "Drink to-day and drown all sorrow," and in many another song in these pages: the note of passionate appreciation of to-day and distrust of the possibilities of to-morrow. There is no to-morrow for him who can say—

"*To-morrow?*—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years."

At times this necessity for seizing the moment in its flight, and the tragic folly of looking before and after, appeals insistently to most of us; and there are those who, like Dr. Johnson, would argue that no man is perfectly happy in the hour that is present unless he be drunk, and with Byron would claim—

“Man being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication.”

Let me add a postscript to this foreword, and as a postscript is a feminine thing, it shall deal with women and wine, which, according to one genial songster, “run in a parallel.” Is wine favourable to love or is it not? I tremble to decide—more especially as those toping poets of mine differ among themselves on this point of crucial import. The dead host of *The Lover's Progress*, fain to show what in a well-known story was called “the height of hospitality,” evidently believed it to be; and the same sentiments are expressed in “O for a bowl of fat Canary” and that rollicking old stave with the refrain “a hundred year hence.” Stingo, says another bard, will—

“Make a parson not to flinch,
Though he seem wondrous holy,
And for to kiss a pretty wench,
And think it is no folly,”

which reminds one of—

“The minister kissed the fiddler's wife,
And couldna' preach for thinkin' o't.”

Yet elsewhere we find women and wine put in antagonism. Sedley bids Phyllis farewell to seek refuge for her slights in the bottle; another wine-bibber, whose mistress takes exception to his drinking, exclaims roundly—"Let her go to the Devil, bring the other whole flask"; the author of "Wine, mighty wine" makes a comparison between his Chloe and his glass, which is most disparaging to the lady; and Brome, piqued, like Sedley, by maidenly coyness, cries—

"'Tis wine alone that cheers the soul,
But love and ladies make us sad."

Now what is one to pronounce in the way of judgment? Simply this, I suppose, that, while wine can be an incitement to the amatory passion, it is also the unfailing consolation for the lover who suffers the coldness or fickleness of his fair.

WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON

LONDON, *September*, 1903.

SONGS OF THE VINE

1

**MIHI est propositum in taberna mori:
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
“Deus sit propitius huic potatori!”**

**Poculis accenditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna;
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna
Quam quod aqua miscuit præsulis pincerna.**

**Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus:
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos;
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus,
Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.**

**Unicuique proprium dat natura donum.
Ego versus faciens vinum bibo bonum,
Et quod habent melius dolia cauponum
Tale vinum generat copiam sermonum.**

Tales versus facio quale vinum bibo;
 Nihil possum scribere nisi sumpto cibo,
 Nihil valet penitus quod jejunos scribo,
 Nasonem post calices carmine præibo.

Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur
 Nisi tunc cum fuerit venter bene satur;
 Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
 In me Phœbus irruit ac miranda fatur.

WALTER MAPES (fl. 1200)?

2

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION

I DEVISE to end my days—in a tavern drinking;
 May some Christian hold for me—the glass
 when I am shrinking;
 That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me
 sinking,
 God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's
 way of thinking!

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's
 internals;
 'Tis wings bedewed with nectar—that fly up to
 supernals;
 Bottles cracked in taverns—have much the
 sweeter kernels,
 Than the sups allowed to us—in the College
 journals.

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he
was cast in;
I happen to be one of those—who never could
write fasting;
By a single little boy—I should be surpass'd in
Writing so; I'd just as lief—be buried, tomb'd,
and grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation;
I, when I make verses,—do get the inspiration
Of the very best of wine—that comes into the
nation:
It maketh sermons to abound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my
lay so;
But I must, moreover, eat—or I could not say
so;
Nought it availeth inwardly—should I write all
day so;
But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius
Naso.

Neither is there given to me—prophetic anima-
tion,
Unless when I have ate and drunk—yea, ev'n
to saturation;
Then in my upper story—hath Bacchus domina-
tion,
And Phœbus rusheth into me—and beggareth
all relation.

WALTER MAPES (?)—translated by Leigh Hunt
(1784-1859).

3

PRAISE OF THE VINE

THERE is no tre that growe
On earthe, that I do knowe,
More worthie praise, I trowe,
Then is the vyne;
Whose grapes, as ye may reade,
Theire licoure forthe dothe shede,
Wherof is made indede

All our good wyne.
And wyne, ye maye trust me,
Causethe men for to be
Merie, for so ye se
His nature is.

Then put aside all wrathe,
For David shewed us hathe,
Vinum letificat
Cor hominis.

Wyne taken with excesse,
As scripture dothe expres,
Causethe great hevines
Unto the mynde.
But theie that take pleasure
To drink it with measure,
No doute a great treasure
They shall it finde.

Then voide you all sadnes,
Drinke youre wyne withe gladnes;
To take thought is madnes,
 And marke well this;
And put aside all wrathe,
For David showde us hathe,
Vinum letificat
 Cor hominis.

Howe bringe ye that to pas?
Cordis jocunditas
Is nowe, and ever was
 The life of man.
Sithe that mirthe hathe no peare,
Then let us make good cheare,
And be you merie heare
 While that you can.
And drinke well of this wyne
While it is good and fyne,
And shewe some outward syne
 Of joye and blisse.
Expell from you all wrathe,
For David shewed us hathe,
Vinum letificat
 Cor hominis.

This thinge full well ye ken,
Hevenes dullethe men,
But take this medicien then
 Where eu'r ye come;
Refreshe your self therwith,
For it was saide longe sithe

That: *vinum acuit*

Ingenium.

Then geve not a cherie

For sider nor perrye;

Wyne makethe man merie,

Ye knowe well this:

Then put aside all wrathe,

For David shewed us hathe,

Vinum letificat

Cor hominis.

In hope to have release

Of all our hevines,

And mirthe for to encrease,

Sumedeles the more:

Pulsemus organa

Simull cum cythera,

Vinum et musica

Vegitabit cor.

But sorowe, care and strife

Shortenethe the dayes of life,

Bothe of man and of wife

It will not miss:

Then put aside all wrathe,

For David shewd us hathe,

Vinum letificat

Cor hominis.

A merie harte in cage

Makethe a lustie age,

As tellethe us the sage,

Even for the noynes.

Becase we should delight
In mirthe bothe daie and night,
He saythe an hevie freight

Driethe up the bones.

Wherfore let us alwaie
Rejoyce in God, I saye,
Our mirthe cannot decay

If we do this ;

And put aside all wrathe,
For David shewed us hathe,

Vinum letificat

Cor hominis.

Nowe ye that be presente,
Laude God omnipotente,
That hath us geven and sent

Our dalie foode.

When thorowe sinne [we] were slaine,

He sent his son againe

Us to redeeme from paine

By his swete bloude.

And he is the trewe vyne,

From whom distilde the wyne

That bought your soules and myne :

You know well this.

Then put aside all wrathe,

For David shewed us hathe,

Vinum letificat

Cor hominis.

4

FYLL the cuppe, Phylype, and let us drynke
a drame
Ons or twyse abowte the howse, and leave
where we began.
I drynke to yow, sweteharte, soo muche as
here is in,
Desyeringe yow to followe me, and doo as I
begin.
And yf yow wille not pledge,
Yow shalle bere the blame ;
I drynke to yow with all my harte,
Yf yow will pledge me the same.

5

WASSAIL SONG

BRING us in no brown bread, for that is made
of bran,
Nor bring us in no white bread, for therein is
no gain:
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in
good ale;
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in
good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there is many bones,
But bring us in good ale, for that go'th down
at once :

And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat,
But bring us in good ale, and give us enough
of that :

And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lean,
Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom
clean :

But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no eggs, for there are many
shells,
But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing
else :

And bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many
hairs,
Nor bring us in no pig's flesh, for that will
make us bears :

But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no puddings, for therein is all
God's good,
Nor bring us in no venison, for that is not for
our blood :

But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often
dear,
Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber
in the mere :
But bring us in good ale, and bring us in
good ale,
For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in
good ale.


6

SING care away with sport and play,
Pastime is all our pleasure:
If well we fare, for nought we care,
In mirth consists our treasure.

Let lungis lurk and drudges work,
We do defy their slavery:
He is but a fool that goes to school;
All we delight in bravery.

What doth't avail far hence to sail,
And lead our life in toiling?
Or to what end should we here spend
Our days in irksome moiling?

It is the best to live at rest,
And take't as God doth send it;
To haunt each wake, and mirth to make,
And with good fellows spend it.



Nothing is worse than a full purse
To niggards and to pinchers:
They always spare and live in care;
There's no man loves such flinchers.

The merry man with cup and can
Lives longer than doth twenty:
The miser's wealth doth hurt his health,
Examples we have plenty.

'Tis a beastly thing to lie musing
With pensiveness and sorrow;
For who can tell that he shall well
Live here until the morrow?

We will therefore for ever more
While this our life is lasting,
Eat, drink, and sleep, and lemans keep:
'Tis popery to use fasting.

In cards and dice, our comfort lies,
In sporting and in dancing,
Our minds to please and live at ease,
And sometimes to use prancing.

With Bess and Nell we love to dwell
In kissing and in hawking;
But whope hoe hollie, with trollye lollye!
To them we'll now be walking.

THOMAS RYCHARDES (fl. 1560)?



7


Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapt and throughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, etc.



And Tib my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, Sweetheart, I have taken my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

8

GOOD hostess, lay a crab in the fire, and broil
a mess of souse-a :

That we may toss the bowl to and fro, and
brinks them all carouse-a.

And I will pledge Tom Tossplot, till I be drunk
as a mouse-a.

Whoso will drink to me all day, I will pledge
them all carouse-a.

Then we will not spare for any cost, so long as
we be in house-a :

Then, hostess, fill the pot again, for I pledge
them all carouse-a.

ULPIAN FULWELL (fl. 1586).

9

"IO, BACCHUS! TO THY TABLE"

*Sung by four servants, DROMIO, RISIO, HALFPENNY,
and LUCIO.*

- Omnes.* Io, Bacchus! to thy table
Thou callest every drunken rabble,
We already are stiff drinkers,
Then seal us for thy jolly skinkers.
- Drom.* Wine, O wine,
O juice divine!
- Ris.* How dost thou the nowle refine!
Plump thou mak'st men's ruby faces,
And from girls can fetch embraces.
- Half.* By thee our noses swell
With sparking carbuncle.
- Luc.* O the dear blood of grapes
Turns us to antic shapes,
Now to show tricks like apes,
- Drom.* Now lion-like to roar,
- Ris.* Now goatishly to whore,
- Half.* Now hoggishly i' th' mire,
- Luc.* Now flinging hats i' th' fire.
- Omnes.* Io, Bacchus! at thy table
Make us of thy reeling rabble!

JOHN LYL Y (1554?-1606).

10

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne !
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd :
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

11

A SOLDIER'S SONG

AND let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink :
A soldier's a man ;
A life's but a span ;
Why, then let a soldier drink !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

12

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
 So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,
For women are shrews, both short and tall;
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
 Be merry, be merry, etc.

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
 And a merry heart lives long-a.
Fill the cup and let it come,
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

13

VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT
THE ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO

WELCOME all who lead or follow
To the Oracle of Apollo—
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle :
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers ;
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us ;
Wine, it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted :
Ply it and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker ;
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once the senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo!

BEN JONSON (1573?-1637).

14

WAKE! our mirth begins to die;
Quicken it with tunes and wine:
Raise your notes; you're out, fie, fie!
This drowsiness is an ill sign.
We banish him the quire of gods,
That droops again:
Then all are men,
For here's not one but nods.

Then in a free and lofty strain
Our broken tunes we thus repair;
And we answer them again,
Running division on the panting air:
To celebrate this feast of sense,
As free from scandal as offence,
Here is beauty for the eye;
For the ear sweet melody;
Ambrosiac odours for the smell;
Delicious nectar for the taste;
For the touch a lady's waist,
Which doth all the rest excel!

BEN JONSON.

15

CAST away care! he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow;
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, oh, ho!
Play it off stiffly, we may not part so.

Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too,
Quickens the wit and makes the back able,
Scorns to submit to the watch or constable.

Merrily, etc.

Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;
Empty the cask, score up, we care not;
Fill all the pots again, drink on and spare not.

Merrily, etc.

THOMAS DEKKER (1570?-1641?).

16

COLD's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed!
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee!
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down,
Hey derry derry down-a-down!
Ho! well done, to me let come,
Ring compass, gentle joy!

Troll the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee, etc.

*Repeat as often as there be men to drink; and when at
last all have drunk, this verse:—*

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed!
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

THOMAS DEKKER.

17

OF all the birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree;
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she:
Te-whit te-whoo! to whom drink'st thou?

Sir Knave to you.

This song is well sung I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now:

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,

And who gave thee that jolly red nose?

Cinnamon, ginger, nutmegs, and cloves,

And that gave me my jolly red nose.

18

Now God be with old Simeon,
For he made cans for many an one;
And a good old man was he;
And Jinkin was his journeyman,
And he could tipple off every can,
And thus he said to me:

To whom drink you?

Sir Knave, to you.

Then hey ho, jolly Jinkin,

I spy a knave in drinking,

Come trowl the bowl to me.



19

TINKER'S SONG

HAVE you any work for the tinker, brisk maids,
Old brass, old pots or kettles?
I'll mend 'em all with a tink tery tink,
And never hurt your chattles.

First let me have a touch of your ale,
'Twill steel me 'gainst cold weather,
Or tinker's freeze, or vintner's lees,
Or tobacco, choose you whether.

But of your ale, your nappy ale,
I would I had a firkin,
For I am old and very, very cold,
And never wear a jerkin.

20

Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

We take no thought, we have no care,
For still we spend and never spare,
Till of all money our purse is bare,
We ever toss the pot.

Chorus—

Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry.

We drink, carouse with heart most free,
A hearty draught I drink to thee:
Then fill the pot again to me,
And ever toss the pot.

And when our money is all spent,
Then sell our goods and spend our rent,
Or drink it up with one consent,
And ever toss the pot.

When all is gone, we have no more,
Then let us set it on the score,
Or chalk it up behind the door,
And ever toss the pot.

And when our credit is all lost,
Then may we go and kiss the post,
And eat brown bread instead of roast,
And ever toss the pot.

Let us conclude as we began,
And toss the pot from man to man,
And drink as much now as we can,
And ever toss the pot.

Chorus—

Toss the pot, toss the pot, let us be merry,
And drink till our cheeks be as red as a cherry




21

WE be soldiers three,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the Low Country,
With never a penny of money.
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
To all good fellows wherever they be,
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
Pays for the shot whatever it is,
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
Pardona moy ie vous an pree,
As long as there is any ink in thy pen,
With never a penny of money.
Fa la la la lantido dilly.



22

THE SOLDIER HAS NO FELLOW

Sit, soldiers, sit and sing, the round is clear,
And cock-a-loodle-loo tells us the day is near:
Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

To thee a full pot, my little lanceprisado,
And when thou hast done, a pipe of Trinidad;
Our glass of life runs wine, the vintner shrinks it,
Whilst with his wife the frolic soldier drinks it.

The drums beat, ensigns wave, and cannons
thump it;
Our game is ruff, and the best heart doth trump
it:

Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

I'll pledge thee my corporal, were it a flagon;
After, watch fiercer than George did the dragon:
What blood we lose i' the town we gain i' the
tuns;

Furr'd gowns and flat caps give the wall to
guns:

Each toss his can, until his throat be mellow,
Drink, laugh and sing; the soldier has no fellow.

JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625).

23

DRINK to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:
Best, while you have it, use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it:
It helps the headache, cough, and tistic,
And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;
Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth;
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October.

JOHN FLETCHER.

24

THE DEAD HOST'S WELCOME

'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire,
Sit close and draw the table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainst a cold:
Your beds of wanton down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest;

I could wish you wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do.
Call for the best the house may ring,
Sack, white, and claret let them bring,
And drink apace, while breath you have;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave:
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
And a capon for the sinner,
You shall find ready when you're up,
And your horse shall have his sup:
Welcome, welcome shall fly round,
And I shall smile, though under ground.

JOHN FLETCHER.

25

GOD Lyæus, ever young,
Ever honoured, ever sung,
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine:
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

JOHN FLETCHER.

26

LET the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses skip and play;
Let the cups go round, till round goes the
ground;
Our learned old vicar will stay.

Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah!
And let the fat goose swim;
For verily, verily, verily, ah!
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

The stewed cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee, our most noble adviser;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall
sweat,
And we ourselves will bewiser.

We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll
drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our plough, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

JOHN FLETCHER.

27

O FOR a bowl of fat Canary,
Rich Aristippus, sparkling sherry!
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy;
O these draughts would make us merry!

O for a wench! I deal in faces,
And in other daintier things;
Tickled am I with her embraces;
Fine dancing in such fairy rings!

O for a plump, fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney!
None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass, but who wants money.

Wines, indeed, and girls are good;
But brave victuals feast the blood;
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
Jove would come down to surfeit here.

THOMAS MIDDLETON (1570?-1627)?

28

GIPSY SONG

TRIP it, gipsies, trip it fine,
Show tricks and lofty capers ;
At threading needles we repine,
And leaping over rapiers :
Pindy-pandy rascal toys !
We scorn cutting purses ;
Though we live by making noise,
For cheating none can curse us.

Over highways, over low,
And over stones and gravel,
Though we trip it on the toe,
And thus for silver travel ;
Though our dances waste our backs,
At nights fat capons mend them ;
Eggs well brewed in buttered sack,
Our wenches say befriend them.

Oh that all the world were mad !
Then should we have fine dancing ;
Hobby-horses would be had,
And brave girls keep a-prancing ;
Beggars would on cock-horse ride,
And boobies fall a-roaring ;
And cuckolds, though no horns be spied,
Be one another goring.

Welcome, poet, to our ging !
Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason,
Canary bees thy brains shall sting,
Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason ;
Peter-see-me shall wash thy nowl,
And Malaga glasses fox thee ;
If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
Thou shalt not kiss a doxy.

THOMAS MIDDLETON and WILLIAM ROWLEY
(1585?-1642).

29

THE NUT-BROWN ALE

THE nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts down all drink when it is stale !
The toast, the nutmeg, and the ginger
Will make a sighing man a singer.
Ale gives a buffet in the head,
But ginger under-props the brain ;
When ale would strike a strong man dead
Then nutmeg tempers it again.
The nut-brown ale, the nut-brown ale,
Puts down all drink when it is stale !

JOHN MARSTON (1575?-1634).

—

30

WE care not for money, riches, or wealth;
Old sack is our money, old sack is our health.
 Then let's flock hither
 Like birds of a feather,
To drink, to sting,
To laugh and sing,
 Conferring our notes together,
 Conferring our notes together.
Come, let us laugh, let us drink, let us sing;
The winter with us is as good as the spring.
 We care not a feather
 For wind or for weather,
But night and day
We sport and play,
 Conferring our notes together,
 Conferring our notes together.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605-1635).

31

SLAVES are they that heap up mountains,
Still desiring more and more:
Still let's carouse in Bacchus' fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.

Give us then a cup of liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim;
For then, methinks, my wits grow quicker
When my brains in liquor swim.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

32

FILL me a bowl of sack with roses crown'd;
Fill't to the brim; I'll have my temples bound
With flowery chaplets, and this day permit
My genius to be free and frolic it.
Let me drink deep; then fully warm'd with
wine,
I'll chant Æneas' praise, that every line
Shall prove immortal, till my moisten'd quill
Melt into verse, and nectar-like distil;
I'm sad or dull till bowls brim-fill'd infuse
New life in me, new spirit in my muse;

But once reviv'd with sack, pleasing desires,
As in my childhood, kindle such active fires,
That my grey hairs seem fled, my wrinkled face
Grown smooth as Hebe's: youth and beauty's
grace

To my shrunk veins fresh blood and spirits
bring,

Warm as the summer, sprightly as the spring.

Then all the world is mine: Cræsus is poor,

Compared with me; he's rich that asks no more.

And I in sack have all, which is to me

My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty.

Then I have conquer'd all; I boldly dare

My trophies with the Pelean youth compare,

Him I will equal: as his sword, my pen;

My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men.

Do not, Atrides, Nestors ten desire,

But ten such drinkers as that aged sire;

His stream of honey'd words flow'd from the
wine,

And sack his counsel was, as he was thine;

Whoever purchas'd a rich Indian mine,

But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish wine?

Then fill my bowl, that, if I die to-morrow,

Killing cares to-day, I have out-liv'd my
sorrow.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

33

ON THE FALL OF THE MITRE
TAVERN IN CAMBRIDGE

LAMENT, lament, ye scholars all,
Each wear his blackest gown,
The Mitre that held up your wits
Is now itself fallen down.

The dismal fire on London Bridge
Can move no heart of mine ;
For that but o'er the water stood,
But this stood o'er the wine.

It needs must melt each Christian's heart
That this sad news but hears,
To think how the good hogsheads wept
Good sack and claret tears.

The zealous students of that place
Change of religion fear,
That this mischance may soon bring in
A heresy of beer.

Unhappy Mitre! I would know
The cause of this sad hap:
Came it by making legs too low
To Pembroke's Cardinal Cap?

Then know thyself, and cringe no more,
Since Popery went down,
That cap should vail to thee, for now
The Mitre's next the Crown!

Or was't because our company
Did not frequent your cell,
As we were wont to drown our cares:
So fox'd thyself and fell?

Nay, sure, the Devil was a-dry,
And caused this fatal blow;
'Twas he that made the cellar sink,
That he might drink below!

Yet, though some say that the Devil did it,
That he might drink up all;
I rather think that the Pope was drunk,
And let the Mitre fall.

Lament, ye Eton conjurers,
The want of skill acknowledge:
To let your tavern fall, that stood
At th' walls of your own college.

Let the Rose with the Falcon moult,
While Sam enjoys his wishes;
The Dolphin, too, must cast her crown:
Wine was not made for fishes.

That sign a tavern best becomes,
That shows who loves wine best;
The Mitre's, then, the only sign,
For 'tis the scholar's crest.

Then drink sack, Sam, and cheer thy heart :
Be not dismay'd at all ;
For we will drink it up again
Though we do catch a fall.

We'll be thy workmen day and night,
In spite of bugbear proctors ;
Before, we drank like freshmen all,
But now we'll drink like doctors.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

34

Now come, my boon companions,
And let us jovial be :
Though th' Indies be the King of Spain's,
We are as rich as he.

As rich as any King of Spain
In mirth, if not in wealth :
Boy, fill me then a bowl of sack—
I'll drink my mistress' health.

My mistress is but fifteen,
Her lips is all my bliss :
Go, tell her I will come at night,
And then prepare to kiss.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (?).

35

A ROUND

All.

Now that the Spring hath fill'd our veins
With kind and active fire,
And made green liv'ries for the plains,
And every grove a quire :

Sing we a song of merry glee,
And Bacchus fill the bowl.

1. Then here's to thee ; 2. And thou to me,
And every thirsty soul.

Nor Care nor Sorrow e'er paid debt,
Nor never shall do mine ;
I have no cradle going yet,
Not I, by this good wine.

No wife at home to send for me,
No hogs are in my ground,
No suit in law to pay a fee,
Then round, old Jocky, round.

All.

Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
But see that no man 'scape
To drink of the sherry,
That makes us so merry,
And plump as the lusty grape.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1591-1643?).

36

A PLEASANT PINT OF POETICAL
SHERRY

COME hither, learned Sisters,
And leave your forked mountain,
I will you tell where is a well
Doth far exceed your fountain,
Of which, if any poet
Do taste in some good measure,
It straight doth fill both his head and quill
With ditties full of pleasure ;
And makes him sing, give me sack, old sack,
boys,
To make the Muses merry,
The life of mirth, and the joy of the earth
Is a cup of good old sherry!

It is the true Nepenthes
Which makes a sad man frolic,
And doth redress all heaviness,
Cold agues and the colic ;
It takes away the crutches
From men are lame and crippled,
And dries the pose, and rheums of the nose,
If it be soundly tiptoed.
Then let us drink old sack, old sack, boys,
Which makes us sound and merry,
The life, etc.

It is the river Lethe
Where men forget their crosses,
And by this drink they never think
Of poverty and losses;
It gives a man fresh courage,
If well he sup this nectar,
And cowards soft it lifts aloft,
And makes them stout as Hector:
Then let us drink old sack, old sack, boys,
Which makes us stout and merry,
The life, etc.

It is the well of concord,
Where men do take up quarrels,
When love doth lack, by drinking sack,
They draw it from the barrels;
If drunkards are unruly,
Whom claret hath inflamed,
With a cup or two, this sack can do,
They sleep, and so are tamed.
Then let us drink old sack, old sack, boys,
Which makes us kind and merry,
The life, etc.

The knot of hearty friendship
Is by good sack combined,
They love no jars, nor mortal wars,
That are to sack inclined;
Nor can he be dishonest,
Whom sack and sugar feedeth,
For all men see, he's fat and free,
And no ill humour breedeth:

Then let us drink old sack, old sack, boys,
That makes us fat and merry,
The life of mirth and the joy of the earth
Is a cup of good old sherry !

37

OLD SIMON THE KING

IN a humour I was of late,
As many good fellows may be,
To think of no matters of state,
But to seek for good company,
That best might suit my mind ;
So I travelled up and down,
No company I could find
Till I came to the sight of the Crown.
My hostess was sick of the mumps,
The maid was ill at her ease,
The tapster was drunk in his dumps,
They were all of one disease,
Says old Simon the King.

If a man should be drunk to-night,
And laid in his grave to-morrow,
Will you or any man say
That he died of care and sorrow?
Then hang up all sorrow and care,
'Tis able to kill a cat,
And he that will drink all night
Is never afraid of that ;

For drinking will make a man quaff,
And quaffing will make a man sing,
And singing will make a man laugh,
And laughing long life doth bring,
Says old Simon the King.

Considering in my mind,
I thus began to think:
If a man be full to the throat,
And cannot take off his drink,
If his drink will not go down,
He may hang up himself for shame,
So the tapster at the Crown.
Whereupon this reason I frame:
Drink will make a man drunk,
Drunk will make a man dry,
Dry will make a man sick,
And sick will make a man die,
Says old Simon the King.

If a Puritan skinker do cry,
Dear brother, it is a sin
To drink unless you be dry,
Then straight this tale I begin:
A Puritan left his can
And took him to his jug,
And there he played the man
As long as he could tug;
And when that he was spied,
Did ever he swear or rail?
No, truly, dear brother, he cried,
Indeed all flesh is frail,
Says old Simon the King.

38

UPON EXCELLENT STRONG BEER
WHICH HE DRANK AT THE TOWN OF WICH, IN
WORCESTERSHIRE, WHERE SALT IS MADE

THOU ever youthful god of wine,
Whose burnish'd cheeks with rubies shine,
And brows with ivy chaplets crown'd,
We dare thee here to pledge a round!
Thy wanton grapes we do detest;
Here's richer juice from barley press'd.

Let not the Muses vainly tell
What virtue's in the horse-hoof well,
That scarce one drop of good blood breeds,
But with mere inspiration feeds;
O let them come and taste this beer,
And water henceforth they'll forswear.

If that the Paracelsian crew
The virtues of this liquor knew,
Their endless toils they would give o'er,
And never use extractions more.
'Tis medicine; meat for young and old;
Elixir; blood of tortured gold.

It is sublimed; it's calcinate;
'Tis rectified; precipitate;
It is Androgena, Sol's wife;
It is the Mercury of life;
 It is the quintessence of malt;
 And they that drink it want no salt.

It heals, it hurts; it cures, it kills;
Men's heads with proclamations fills;
It makes some dumb, and others speak;
Strong vessels hold, and crack'd ones leak;
 It makes some rich, and others poor;
 It makes, and yet mars many a score.

THOMAS NABBES (fl. 1638).

39

SUBMIT, bunch of grapes,
To the strong barley ear;
The weak Vine no longer
The laurel shall wear.

Sack and all drinks else,
Desist from the strife;
Ale's the only Aqua Vitæ,
And liquor of life.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around;
It keeps us from th' grave,
Though it lays us o' th' ground.

Ale's a physician,
No mountebank bragger;
Can cure the chill ague,
Though't be with the stagger.

Ale's a strong wrestler,
Flings all it hath met;
And makes the ground slippery,
Though it be not wet.

Ale is both Ceres
And good Neptune too,
Ale's froth was the sea
From which Venus grew.

Ale is immortal,
And be there no stops,
In bonny lads quaffing,
Can live without hops.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around;
It keeps us from th' grave,
Though it lays us o' th' ground.

40

WHEN the chill Charokoe blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale;
When pies and daws and rooks and crows
Do sit and curse the frosts and snows—
Then give me ale,
Old ale,
Stout brown,
Nut-brown,
O, give me stout brown ale !

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
Such as will make grim Malkin prate,
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the poet's wits and pen—
Despises fate—
Old brown,
Stout brown,
Nut-brown,
O, give me stout brown ale !

Ale, that the absent battle fights,
And forms the march of Swedish drums,
Disputes the Princes' laws and rights,
What's past and done tells mortal wights
And what's to come—
Old brown,
Stout brown,
Nut-brown,
O, give me stout brown ale !

Ale that the ploughman's heart up keeps
And equals it to tyrants' thrones,
That wipes the eye that ever weeps,
And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
Th' o'erwearied bones—

Old brown,
Stout brown,
Nut-brown,

O, give me stout brown ale !

Grandchild of Ceres, Barley's daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour—if but stale;
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter,
O, give me ale—

Old brown,
Stout brown,
Nut-brown,

O, give me stout brown ale !

41

THE LEATHER BOTTEL

'Twas God above that made all things,
The heav'ns, the earth, and all therein;
The ships that on the sea do swim,
To guard from foes that none come in;
And let them all do what they can,
'Tis for one end—the use of man.

So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.

Now what do you say to these cans of wood?
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good;
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why on the ground your liquor doth lay;
But had it been a leather bottel,
Although he had fallen, all had been well.
So I wish in heav'n, etc.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottel,
And the stopple in, all had been well.
So I wish in heav'n, etc.

Then what do you say to these black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth
spill:
In a leather bottel they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ache,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish in heav'n, etc.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a lord is about to dine,
And sends them to be filled with wine,
The man with the flagon doth run away,
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.
So I wish in heav'n, etc.

A leather bottel we know is good,
Far better than glasses or cans of wood,
For when a man's at work in the field,
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;
But a good leather bottel standing by
Will raise his spirits whenever he's dry.

So I wish in heav'n, etc.

At noon the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottels of ale nut-brown;
In summer too, when the weather is warm,
A good bottel full will do them no harm.
Then the lads and lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they do without this bottel?

So I wish in heav'n, etc.

There's never a lord, an earl, or knight,
But in this bottel doth take delight;
For when he's hunting of the deer,
He oft doth wish for a bottel of beer.
Likewise the man that works in the wood,
A bottel of beer will oft do him good.

So I wish in heav'n, etc.

And when the bottel at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.

So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottel.

42

IN PRAISE OF THE BLACK JACK

BE your liquor small, or as thick as mud,
The cheating bottle cries good, good, good,
Whereat the master begins to storm,
'Cause he said more than he could perform.

And I wish that his heirs may never want
sack,
That first devised the bonny black Jack.

No tankard, flagon, bottle, nor jug
Are half so good, or so well can hold tug,
For when they are broke or full of cracks,
Then they must fly to the brave black Jacks.
And I wish, etc.

When the bottle and Jack stands together, O
fie on't,
The bottle looks just like a dwarf to a giant;
Then had we not reason Jacks to choose,
For this'll make boots, when the bottle mends
shoes.
And I wish, etc.

And as for the bottle you never can fill it
Without a tunnel, but you must spill it,
'Tis as hard to get in, as 'tis to get out:
'Tis not so with a Jack, for it runs like a spout,
And I wish, etc.

And when we have drank out all our store,
The Jack goes for barm to brew us some more ;
And when our stomachs with hunger have bled,
Then it marches for more to make us some
bread.

And I wish, etc.

I now will cease to speak of the Jack,
But hope his assistance I never shall lack,
And I hope that now every honest man,
Instead of Jack will y'clip him John ;
And I wish that his heirs may never want
sack,
That first devised the bonny black Jack.

43

OLD ROSE

Now we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wise men tell us,
Sing Old Rose and burn the bellows :
Let us do as wise men tell us.

When the jowl with claret glows,
And wisdom shines upon the nose,
O then is the time to sing Old Rose,
And burn, burn, burn the bellows.

44

If any so wise is that sack he despises,
Let him drink his small beer, and be sober ;
Whilst we drink sack and sing, as if it were
 Spring,
He shall drop like the trees in October.
But be sure, overnight if this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning ;
And be not so silly to follow old Lilly,
For there's nothing but sack that can tune us ;
Let his *ne-assuescas* be put in his cap case,
And sing *bibito vinum jejunos*.

45

HANG sorrow and cast away care, and let us
 drink up our sack :
They say 'tis good to cherish the blood, and
 for to strengthen the back ;
'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire and
 fills the body with heat,
Besides 'tis good, if well understood, to fit a
 man for the feat :
Then call and drink up all, the drawer is ready
 to fill,
A pox of care, what need we to spare, my
 father hath made his will.

46

ON A PINT OF SACK

OLD poets Hippocrene admire,
And pray to water to inspire
Their wit and Muse with heav'nly fire ;
Had they this heav'nly fountain seen,
Sack both their well and Muse had been,
And this pint-pot their Hippocrene.

Had they truly discovered it,
They had, like me, thought it unfit
To pray to water for their wit ;
And had adored sack as divine,
And made a poet-god of wine,
And this pint-pot had been a shrine.

Sack unto them had been instead
Of nectar, and their heav'nly bread,
And ev'ry boy a Ganymede ;
Or had they made a god of it,
Or styled it patron of their wit,
This pot had been a temple fit.

Well then, companions, is't not fit,
Since to this gem we owe our wit,
That we should praise the cabinet,
And drink a health to this divine
And bounteous palace of our vine ?
Die he with thirst that doth repine !

47

DRINKING COMMENDED

COME, let the State stay,
And drink away,
There is no business above it:
It warms the cold brain,
Makes us speak in high strain,
He's a fool that does not approve it.

The Macedon youth
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking;
He drank and he fought,
Till he had what he sought:
The world was his own by good drinking.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642).

48

A SONG OF SACK

COME, let us drink away the time,
A pox upon this pelting rhyme,
When wine runs high wit's in the prime:
Drink and stout drinkers are true joys;
Odd sonnets and such little toys
Are exercises fit for boys.

The whining lover that doth place
His fancy on a painted face,
And wastes his substance in the chase,
Would ne'er in melancholy pine,
Had he affections so divine,
As once to fall in love with wine.

Then to our liquor let us sit,
Wine makes the soul for action fit,
Who drinks most wine hath the most wit;
The gods themselves do revels keep,
And in pure nectar tipples deep,
When slothful mortals are asleep.

They fuddled me for recreation
In water, which by all relation
Did cause Deucalion's inundation;
The spangled globe had it almost,
Their cups were with salt water dos't,
The sunburnt centre was the toast.

The gods, then, let us imitate,
Secure from carping care and fate;
Wine, wit and courage doth create;
In wine Apollo always chose
His darkest oracles to disclose,
'Twas wine gave him his ruby nose.

Who dares not drink 's a wretched wight,
Nor do I think that man dares fight
All day, that dares not drink at night:
Come, fill my cup until it swim
With foam that overlooks the brim.
Who drinks the deepest? *Here's to him!*

Sobriety and study breeds
Suspicion in our acts and deeds,
The downright drunkard no man heeds :
Give me but sack, tobacco store,
A drunken friend, a little whore ;
Provide me these, I'll ask no more.

JOHN CLEVELAND (1613-1658).

49

SONG IN A SIEGE

FILL, fill the goblet full with sack !
I mean our tall black-jerkin Jack,
Whose hide is proof 'gainst rabble rout
And will keep all ill weathers out.
What though our plate be coin'd and spent ?
Our faces next we'll send to the mint :
And, 'fore we'll basely yield the town,
Sack it ourselves and drink it down !

Accurst be he doth talk or think
Of treating, or denies to drink ;
Such dry, hopsucking, narrow souls
Taste not the freedom of our bowls ;
They only are besieged, whilst we
By drinking purchase liberty.
Wine doth enlarge and ease our minds,
Who freely drinks no thraldom finds.

Let's drink, then, as we used to fight,
As long as we can stand, in spite
Of Foe or Fortune! who can tell?
She with our cups again may swell;
He neither dares to die or fight,
Whom harmless fears from healths affright:
Then let us drink our sorrows down,
And ourselves up to keep the town!

ROBERT HEATH (fl. 1650).

50

DRINKING ON A RAINY DAY

Oh, 'tis a rainy drinking day!
Come, let it pour:
We'll drink these clouds all day away,
Suck every show'r.
The envious earth shall not drink all, for we
Our plants will water too as well as she,
The clouds that fatness drop from heav'n
Descend to us,
Ev'n to invite us reach them to enliven
Our spirits thus:
Then, sink or swim, we'll moisten thirsty care,
And though the weather's foul, we'll drink it
fair.

ROBERT HEATH.

51

BACCHUS

COME jolly god Bacchus, and open thy store,
Let the big-belly'd grapes of their burden be
eased,

Let thy liberality freely flow o'er,
For 'tis by thy bounty that we are appeased,
It is sack that we lack,
It is sack that we crave;
It is sack that we fight for, and sack we will have!

Let pining Heraclitus drink of his tear,
And snivelling Tymon lie sick in his cell;
And let the coarse bumpkin preach law in his beer;
But 'tis wine makes our fame and our glory
to swell:

It is wine makes divine
All our wits, and renowns
The peasant with sceptres, the shepherd with
crowns.

He that spends his money for honour, and
climbs

In the trees of triumph, may sit there and
pause;

All he gets for his praise is the error of times,
Nurst up by the Pandars of vulgar applause:

But the gold that is sold
For Canary, brings wit,
And there is no honour compared to it.

Some love to wear satin and shine in their silk,
Yet quickly their fashion will alter and vary;
Sometime they'll eat mutton, sometime they'll
drink milk,
But I am for ever in tune for Canary,
It is sack that doth make
All our wants to be nothing,
For we do esteem it both meat, drink, and
clothing.

A green goose serves Easter, with gooseberries
drest;
And July affords us a dish of green peason;
A collar of brawn is New-year-tide's feast;
But sack is for ever and ever in season:
'Twill suffice all the wise
Both at all times and places,
It is a good friend to all tempers and cases.

Then farewell metheglin, thou dreg of the hives,
And cider, thou bastardly darling of summer;
You dull the quick blood that Canary revives:
Then fill me a pottle of sack in a rummer;
For I'll drink till each chink
Be full, and 'tis but reason;
And then I shall have no room to harbour
treason.

HUGH CROMPTON (fl. 1657).

52

GOOD LIQUOR

LOVE, envy, rage, and fury rest,
And secretly repose,
Like hood-winkt falcons in my breast,
Until the ocean flows:
For want of quaffing cups you die,
And are as ill-prepared as I.

I'll feast you with my rhymes no more,
When once I cease to tipples;
Whene'er you bar the cellar door,
My Muse becomes a cripple;
As Luna (void of Sol) may wink,
So Clio must for want of drink.

Nor is't your ale and musty beer
That procreates my phrases.
'Tis wine that makes my *Ela* clear,
And worthy of your praises.
All beasts (but asses) love to chuse
The best of grass, and worst refuse.

'Tis not your wine that's mixt and blended
With this and that receipt;
That's first decayed and then amended;
From such I must retreat.
To Heaven's nectar I incline,
My bright Apollo's rasie wine.

HUGH CROMPTON.



53

THE VINEYARD

ENTER you that rave with madness:
Enter you that sigh with sadness,
And receive the oil of gladness
In the Vine.

Here's the mystery of the Muses,
Here's the font Mæcenus uses,
Here wit gains whate'er it loses,
Noble Wine!

Here's the laurel, here's the bays,
Here's the sum of poets' praise,
Here's the cream of Pæan's rays:
Famous liquor!

Here's the arsenal whence do spring
Presents worthy for a king,
Here my fancy's tender wing
Thriveth quicker.

HUGH CROMPTON.

54

A SONG OF DEGREES

COME, cheer up your hearts, and call for your
quarts,

And let there no liquor be lacking;
We have money in store and intend for to roar
Until we have sent it all packing;
Then, drawer, make haste, and let no time waste,
But give every man his due;
To avoid all trouble, go fill the pot double,
Since he that made one made two.

Come, drink, my hearts, drink, and call for
your wine,

'Tis that makes a man to speak truly;
What sot can refrain, or daily complain
That he in his drink is unruly?
Then drink and be civil, intending no evil,
If that you'll be ruled by me;
For claret and sack we never will lack,
Since he that made two made three.

The old curmudgeon sits all the day drudging
At home with brown bread and small beer;
With scraping damn'd pelf he starveth himself,
Scarce eats a good meal in a year.

But we'll not do so, howe'er the world go,
Since that we have money in store;
For claret and sack, we never will lack,
Since he that made three made four.

Come, drink, my hearts, drink and call for
your wine,

D'ye think that I'll leave you i' the lurch?
My reck'ning I'll pay ere I go away,

Or hang me as high as Paul's church.
Though some men will say this is not the way
For us in this world to thrive;

'Tis no matter for that, let us have t'other
quart,

Since he that made four made five.

A pox of old Charon, his brains are all barren,
His liquor (like coffee) is dry;

But we are for wine, 'tis a drink more divine,
Without it we perish and die.

Then troll it about, until 'tis all out,

We'll affront him in spite of his Styx;
If he grudges his ferry, we'll drink and be
merry,

Since he that made five made six.

But now the time's come that we all must go
home,

Our liquor's all gone, that's for certain;
Which makes me repine that a god so divine

Won't give us one cup at our parting,
But since 'tis all paid, let's not be dismay'd,

But fly to great Bacchus in heaven,
And chide him because he made no better laws,
Since he that made six made seven.

MARTIN PARKER (d. 1656?)?

55

AN ODE
FOR BEN JONSON

AH Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674).

56

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE

FILL me a mighty bowl
Up to the brim,
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.

Crown it again, again;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat,
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaff, I see,
To th' number five,
Or nine, but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

57

A LYRIC TO MIRTH

WHILE the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment:
Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play,
Kiss our dollies night and day;
Crown'd with clusters of the vine,
Let us sit and quaff our wine;
Call on Bacchus, chant his praise,
Shake the thyrses and bite the bays;
Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed;

Sing o'er Horace, for e'er long
Death will come and mar the song;
Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
Never sing or play more here.

ROBERT HERRICK.

58

TO BACCHUS : A CANTICLE

WHITHER dost thou whorry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee?
This way, that way; that way, this;
Here and there a fresh love is.
That doth like me, this doth please:
Thus a thousand mistresses
I have now; yet I alone
Having all, enjoy not one.

ROBERT HERRICK.

59

TO LIVE MERRILY AND TO TRUST
TO GOOD VERSES

Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;
For, with the flow'ry earth,
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come;
For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose, and now
Th' Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrolled brow
And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee,
In sack of such a kind
That it would make thee see,
Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth,
To pledge this second health
In wine whose each cup's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
To Ovid, and suppose
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;
O Bacchus, cool thy rays!
Or frantic I shall eat
Thy thyrses and bite the bays.

Round, round the roof does run;
And, being ravish'd thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius.

Now to Tibullus next,
This flood I drink to thee;
But stay, I see a text
That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses then;
They only will aspire,
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost i' th' funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet
In Lethe to be drown'd;
Then only numbers sweet
With endless life are crown'd.

ROBERT HERRICK.

60

AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW

HERE we securely live and eat
The cream of meat,
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and do divine
As wine
And rage inspires.

If full we charm, then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantic thyrses;
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout,
To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which sung, or said,
A goblet to the brim,
Of lyric wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
Around
We quaff to him.

Thus, thus we live, and spend the hours
In wine and flowers;
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day
To stay
The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and see the cell
Wherein I dwell,
And my enchantments too,
Which love and noble freedom is,
And this
Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come; or be so kind
To send your mind,
Though but in numbers few,
And I shall think I have the heart,
Or part
Of Clipseby Crew.

ROBERT HERRICK.

61

HIS FAREWELL TO SACK

FAREWELL, thou thing time past so known, so
dear

To me, as blood to life and spirit; near,
Nay, thou more near than kindred, friend, man,
wife,

Male to the female, soul to body, life
To quick action, or the warm soft side
Of the resigning, yet resisting bride.
The kiss of virgins, first fruits of the bed,
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maiden-
head:

These, and a thousand sweets, could never be
So near or dear as thou wast once to me.
O thou, the drink of Gods and Angels! wine,
That scatter'st spirit and lust, whose purest
shine

More radiant than the summer's sunbeams
shows,
Each way illustrious, brave; and like to those
Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd por-
tents

Foretell the coming of some dire events;
Or some full flame which with a pride aspires,
Throwing about his wild and active fires.

'Tis thou, 'bove nectar, O divinest soul!
Eternal in thyself, that canst control
That which subverts whole Nature, grief, and
care,
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despair.
'Tis thou alone, who, with thy mystic fan,
Work'st more than wisdom, art, or Nature
can
To rouse the sacred madness, and awake
The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make
Them frantic with thy raptures, flashing
through
The soul like lightning, and as active too.
'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.
Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
Hadst thou not fill'd them with thy fire and
flame,
Phœbean splendour! and thou, Thespian
spring,
Of which sweet swans must drink before they
sing
Their true-pac'd numbers and their holy lays,
Which makes them worthy cedar and the bays.
But why, why longer do I gaze upon
Thee with the eye of admiration?
Since I must leave thee, and enforc'd must say
To all thy witching beauties, Go! away!
But if thy whimp'ring looks do ask me why,
Then know that Nature bids thee go, not I.
'Tis her erroneous self has made a brain
Uncapable of such a sovereign,

As is thy powerful self. Prithee not smile,
Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile
My vows denounc'd in zeal, which thus much
show thee

That I have sworn but by thy looks to know
thee.

Let others drink thee freely, and desire
Thee and their lips espous'd, while I admire
And love thee, but not taste thee. Let my
muse

Fail of thy former helps, and only use
Her inadult'rate strength; what's done by me
Hereafter shall smell of the lamp, not thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

62

A RHAPSODIS

*Occasionally written upon a meeting with some of his
friends at the Globe Tavern, in a chamber painted
overhead with a cloudy sky and some few dispersed
stars, and on the sides with landscapes, hills,
shepherds, and sheep.*

DARKNESS and stars i' the mid-day! they invite
Our active fancies to believe it night:
For taverns need no sun, but for a sign,
Where rich tobacco and quick tapers shine;
And royal, witty sack, the poet's soul,
With brighter suns than he doth gild the bowl;
As though the pot and poet did agree,
Sack should to both illuminator be.

That artificial cloud with its curl'd brow
Tells us 'tis late; and that blue space below
Is fired with many stars: mark! how they break
In silent glances o'er the hills, and speak
The evening to the plains, where shot from far,
They meet in dumb salutes, as one great star.

The room, methinks, grows darker, and the
air

Contracts a sadder colour, and less fair.
Or is't the drawer's skill? hath he no arts
To blind us so we can't know pints from quarts?
No, no, 'tis night: look where the jolly clown
Musters his bleating herd and quits the down.
Hark! how his rude pipe frets the quiet air,
Whilst ev'ry hill proclaims Lycoris fair.

Rich, happy man! that canst thus watch and
sleep,

Free from all cares, but thy wench, pipe, and
sheep.

But see, the moon is up: view where she stands
Sentinel o'er the door, drawn by the hands
Of some base painter, that for gain hath made
Her face the landmark to the tippling trade.

'Twas wit at first and wine that made them live.

Choke may the painter! and his box disclose

No other colours than his fiery nose;

And may we no more of his pencil see

Than two churchwardens and Mortality.

Should we go now a-wand'ring, we should
meet

With catchpolls, whores, and carts in every
street:

Now when each narrow lane, each nook and
cave,
Sign-posts and shop-doors, pimp for ev'ry
knave,
When riotous sinful plush and tell-tale spurs
Walk Fleet Street and the Strand, when the
soft stirs
Of bawdy, ruffled silks turn night to day;
And the loud whip and coach scolds all the
way;
When lust of all sorts, and each itchy blood
From the Tower-wharf to Cymbeline and Lud,
Hunts for a mate, and the tired footman reels
'Twixt chair-men, torches, and the hackney
wheels.

Come, take the other dish; it is to him
That made his horse a senator; each brim
Look big as mine. The gallant, jolly beast
Of all the herd—you'll say—was not the least.

Now crown the second bowl, rich as his worth
I'll drink it to; he, that like fire broke forth
Into the Senate's face, crost Rubicon,
And the state's pillars, with their laws thereon,
And made the dull grey beards and furr'd
gowns fly

Into Brundisium to consult and lie.

This, to brave Sylla! why should it be said
We drink more to the living than the dead?
Flatt'ers and fools do use it. Let us laugh
At our own honest mirth; for they that quaff
To honour others, do like those that sent
Their gold and plate to strangers to be spent.

Drink deep: this cup be pregnant, and the
 wine,
 Spirit of wit to make us all divine,
 That, big with sack and mirth, we may retire
 Possessors of more souls and nobler fire;
 And by the influx of this painted sky
 And labour'd forms, to higher matters fly;
 So, if a nap shall take us, we shall all,
 After full cups, have dreams poetical.

Let's laugh now and the press'd grape drink,
 Till the drowsy day-star wink,
 And in our merry, mad mirth run
 Faster and further than the sun;
 And let none his cup forsake,
 Till that star again doth wake;
 So we men below shall move
 Equally with the gods above.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-1695).

63

THE BREAD IS ALL BAKED

THE bread is all baked,
 The embers are raked;
 'Tis midnight now by chanticleer's first crow-
 ing;
 Let's kindly carouse
 Whilst 'top of the house
 The cats fall out in the heat of their wooing.
 Time, whilst thy hour-glass does run out,
 This flowing glass shall go about.

Stay, stay, the nurse is waked, the child does cry,
No song so ancient is as lulla-by.
The cradle's rocked, the child is hushed again,
Then hey for the maids, and ho for the men.

Now every one advance his glass;
Then all at once together clash;
Experienced lovers know
This clashing does but show
That, as in music, so in love must be
Some discord to make up a harmony.
Sing, sing! When crickets sing why should
not we?

The crickets were merry before us;
They sung us thanks ere we made them a fire.
They taught us to sing in a chorus:
The chimney's their church, the oven their quire.
Once more the cock cries cock-a-doodle-doo!
The owl cries o'er the barn, to-whit-to-whoo!
Benighted travellers now lose their way
Whom Will-of-the-wisp bewitches:
About and about he leads them astray
Through bogs, through hedges and ditches.
Hark! hark! the cloister bell is rung!
Alas! the midnight dirge is sung.

Let 'em ring,
Let 'em sing,
Whilst we spend the night in love and in
laughter;
When night is gone,
O then too soon
The discords and cares of the day come after.

Come boys! a health, a health, a double health
To those who 'scape from care by shunning
wealth.

Despatch it away
Before it be day,
'Twill quickly grow early when it is late :
A health to thee,
To him, to me,
To all who beauty love, and business hate!

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1606-1668).

64

THE EPICURE

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and
rejoice,
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasure's uncertain, then down with your
dust:

In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and
pence,

For we shall be nothing a hundred year hence!

We'll kiss and be free with Nan, Betty, and Dolly,
Have lobsters and oysters to cure melancholy:
Fish-dinners will make a lass spring like a flea,
Dame Venus, love's goddess, was born of the sea:

With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the
sense,

For we shall be past it a hundred year hence!

Your most beautiful bit, who hath all eyes
upon her,
That her honesty sells for a hogo of honour,
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in
such splendour
That none but the stars are thought fit to
attend her,
Though now she seems pleasant and sweet
to the sense,
Will be damnable mouldy a hundred year
hence!

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in
fears,
Turn all our tranquillity to sighs and tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do
corrupt us,
'Tis certain—*Post mortem est nulla voluptas!*
Let's deal with our damsels, that we may
from thence
Have broods to succeed us a hundred year
hence!

The usurer that in the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth, and doth pine in his
plenty,
Lays up for a season which he shall ne'er see,
The year of One thousand, eight hundred and
three:
His wit and his wealth, his law, learning,
and sense
Shall be turned into nothing a hundred year
hence!

Your Chancery-lawyer, who by conscience
thrives,
In spinning of suits to the length of three
lives;
Such suits which the clients do wear out in
slavery,
Whilst pleader makes conscience a cloak for
his knavery;
May boast of subtilty i' th' present tense,
But *non est inventus* a hundred year hence!

Your most Christian Mounsieur who rants it in
riot,
Not suffering his more Christian neighbours
live quiet;
Whose numberless legions that to him belongs
Consists of more nations than Babel has
tongues:
Though num'rous as dust, in despite of
defence,
Shall all lie in ashes a hundred year hence!

We mind not the counsels of such bloody elves,
Let us set foot to foot, and be true to our
selves;
Our honesty from our good-fellowship springs,
We aim at no selfish preposterous things.
We'll seek no preferment by subtle pretence,
Since all shall be nothing a hundred year
hence!

THOMAS JORDAN (1612?-1685).

65

A CATCH ROYAL

LET the drawer run down;
We'll sit and drink the sun down:
Here's a jolly health to the King!
Let him be confounded
And hang'd up for a Roundhead,
That will not pledge me a spring;
Next to the Lady Mary
This beer-bowl of Canary,
I'll pledge't a carouse were it ten;
When Charles his thoughts are eased,
And his great heart appeased,
We'll drink the sun up again.

THOMAS JORDAN.

66

HERE's a health unto his Majesty,
With a fal-la-la-la-la-la-la;
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fal-la-la-la-la-la-la,
And he that will not drink his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself,
With a fal-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la !

G

67

IF Sorrow, the tyrant, invade the breast,
Haul out the foul fiend by the lug, the lug!
Let no thought of the morrow disturb your
rest,
But banish despair in a mug, a mug!

Or if business, unluckily, goes not well,
Let the fond fools their affections hug;
To show our allegiance we'll go to "The Bell,"
And banish despair in a mug, a mug!

Or if thy wife prove none of the best,
Or admits no time but to think, to think,
Or the weight of thy horns bow down thy
crest,
Divert the dull Demon with drink, with drink!

Or if thy mistress proves unworthy to thee,
Ne'er pine, ne'er pine at the wanton pug!
But choose out a fairer and kinder than she,
And banish despair in a mug, a mug!

From thee such pleasant joys, liquor, does
flow,
Which cures the distemper of heart and mind;
Our wits, O, then more riper do grow,
By perfect experience the same we find.

Then he is an ass that seems to despair
At any coy frown of the wanton pug;
Be merry and jolly, and drown all thy care
For ever and aye, in a mug, a mug!

As for the liquor, the juice of the grape,
Which often does into men's noddles creep,
And sometimes it makes them as wise as an
ape,
And sometimes it lays, like stocks, to sleep.

But whilst we are more sober and civil than
they,
Like brothers together in friendship hug,
And ever account it our duty to pay
A worthy respect to the mug, the mug!

As for the spirit and juice of malt,
It ripens the fancy of men enough,
And he is an ass that pretends to find fault
With English because of their potent talk.

There's nothing more choice in all our land
To make a young gallant both brisk and
smug,
And therefore no longer disputing we'll stand,
But ever admire the mug, the mug!

68

WE'LL drink, we'll drink all day and night:
Fill each a lusty bowl;
It is the ravishing delight
Of every generous soul;
Those that in beds do set themselves
Ne'er live out half their time,
But the wine that's always in our heads
Doth still preserve us in our prime,
Doth still preserve us in our prime.

Without dull sleep we'll spend the night,
We'll drink and sing the praise
Of wine that makes the coward fight,
And gives the poet bays.
It fills our veins with noble blood,
Though we be ne'er so mean,
And doth inspire what's great or good,
And turns rank clowns to gentlemen.

Though some in mighty titles shine,
And have a pompous train,
They are peasants if they love not wine,
And fit for our disdain.
Our name's by sober sets despised;
The drunkard's name shall be
A thousand times more highly praised
Than any e'er was named by me.

Let merchants still for treasure roam,
And often cross the line,
We have both the Indies here at home
In each good glass of wine ;
Each carbuncle upon my nose
All other gems outshine,
Such the Mogul cannot expose
Nor any Western splendid mine.

Let parsons preach and soldiers fight,
And scholars beat their brains,
Fanatics sweat and bawl to teach,
.¹ great gains ;
All this at last must waste and pine,
Yet we'll be light at heart,
And if we can but get good wine,
We'll sing and drink, and ne'er depart.

The king's most faithful subjects, we
In service are not dull ;
We drink to show our loyalty
And make his coffers full.
Would all his subjects drink like us,
He would be richer far,
More powerful and more prosperous
Than all the Eastern monarchs are,
Than all the Eastern monarchs are.

¹ This line is partly obliterated in MS.

69

ON CLARET

WITHIN this bottle's to be seen
A scarlet liquor that has been
Born of the royal vine;
We but nickname it when we call
It gods' drink, who drink none at all,
No higher name than wine.

'Tis ladies' liquor: here one might
Feast both his eye and appetite,
With beauty and with taste;
Cherries and roses which you seek
Upon your mistress' lip and cheek
Are here together placed.

Physicians may prescribe their whey
To purge our reins and brains away,
And clarify the blood;
That cures one sickness with another,
This routs by wholesale altogether,
And drowns them in a flood.

This poets makes, else how could I
Thus ramble into poetry,
Nay and write sonnets too;
If there's such power in junior wines
To make one venture upon lines,
What could Canary do?

Then squeeze the vessel's bowels out
And deal it faithfully about,
 Crown each hand with a brimmer;
Since we're to pass through this Red Sea,
Our noses shall our pilots be,
 And every soul a swimmer.

ALEXANDER BROME (1620-1666).

70

TO HIS FRIEND WHO HAD VOW'D
SMALL BEER

LEAVE off, fond hermit, leave thy vow,
 And fall again to drinking:
That beauty that won't sack allow
 Is hardly worth thy thinking.
Dry love or small can never hold,
And without Bacchus, Venus soon grows cold.

Dost think by turning anchorite
 Or a dull small-beer sinner,
Thy cold embraces can invite,
 Or sprightless courtship win her?
No, 'tis Canary that inspires,
'Tis sack, like oil, gives flames to amorous fires.

This makes thee chant thy mistress' name,
 And to the heavens to raise her;
And range this universal frame
 For epithets to praise her.
Low liquors render brains unwitty,
And ne'er provoke to love but move to pity.

Then be thyself and take thy glass,
Leave off this dry devotion;
Thou must, like Neptune, court thy lass,
Wallowing in nectar's ocean:
Let's offer at each lady's shrine
A full crown'd bowl: first, here's a health to thine!

ALEXANDER BROME.

71

Now I'm resolv'd to love no more,
But sleep by night, and drink by day;
Your coyness, Chloris, pray give o'er,
And turn your tempting eyes away.
From ladies I'll withdraw my heart,
And fix it only on the quart.

I'll place no happiness of mine
A puling beauty still to court,
And say she's glorious and divine,
The vintner makes the better sport;
And when I say, my dear, my heart,
I only mean it to the quart.

Love has no more prerogative
To make me desperate courses take,
Nor me t'an hermitage shall drive,
I'll all my vow to th' goblet make;
And if I wear a capuchoone,
It shall a tankard be or none.

'Tis wine alone that cheers the soul,
 But love and ladies make us sad;
 I'm merry when I court the bowl,
 While he that courts the madam's mad:
 Then ladies, wonder not at me,
 For you are coy, but wine is free.

ALEXANDER BROME.

72

TO AMANDA DESIROUS TO DRINK

CALLING for beer! know not the gods they
 ought
 To send thee nectar for thy morning's draught?
 I'm sure the heavens do allow it you,
 Ambrosia caudles for your breakfast too;
 How is't? surely this lazy Ganymede
 Sleeps it, and is not yet got out of bed:
 What, not yet come? Amanda, by that face,
 I'll turn this puny butler out of 's place,
 And drain the skies till there no nectar be,
 But what the gods shall beg as alms from thee.

NICHOLAS HOOKES (1628-1712).

73

TO PHYLLIS, WHO SLIGHTED HIM

SINCE you no longer will be kind,
 But my embraces shun,
 Bacchus shall ease my am'rous mind,
 To his embrace I run.

Wine gives a pleasure unrestrain'd,
Dispells the frantic spleen;
Tho' wishes cannot be attain'd,
Looks still are joyful seen.

The god within his gladsome cave
No care nor grief allows;
He laughs to scorn the sober, grave,
And sighing lover's vows.

Then, Phyllis, do whate'er you can,
I dully will not pine,
I'll ne'er forget I am a man,
But seek my cure from wine.

That sullen look, and hasty kiss,
That air reserved and coy,
That cold denial of my bliss
Shall not my ease destroy.

If you no more can love like me,
Why should it give me pain?
Frail women will inconstant be,
Nor art their will can chain.

As well I might cross winds deplore,
At rising tempests rave,
As hope a wav'ring mind to cure;
Nature its course will have.

Then welcome more enduring joys,
Long shall my doctor be
A club of witty, toping boys,
And love, adieu to thee!

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639?-1701).

74

DRINKING

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy Sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night:
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there—for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667).

75

THE EPICURE

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we condemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay;
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

76

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor used of old;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do,
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May Drink and Love still reign:
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to love again.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER
(1647-1680).

77

CHANSON À BOIRE

COME, let's mind our drinking,
Away with this thinking;
It ne'er, that I heard of, did any one good;
Prevents not disaster,
But brings it on faster,
Mischance is by mirth and by courage with-
stood.

He ne'er can recover
The day that is over,
 The present is with us, and does threaten no
 ill;
He's a fool that will sorrow
For the thing call'd to-morrow,
 But the hour we've in hand we may wield as
 we will.

There's nothing but Bacchus
Right merry can make us,
 That virtue particular is to the vine;
It fires ev'ry creature
With wit and good-nature;
 Whose thoughts can be dark when their
 noses do shine?

A night of good drinking
Is worth a year's thinking,
 There's nothing that kills us so surely as
 sorrow;
Then to drown our cares, boys,
Let's drink up the stars, boys,
 Each face of the gang will a sun be to-
 morrow.

CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687).

78

JOAN'S ALE WAS NEW

THERE were six jovial tradesmen,
And they all sat down to drinking,
 For they were a jovial crew ;
They sat themselves down to be merry,
And they called for a bottle of sherry ;
You're welcome as the hills, says Nolly,
While Joan's ale is new, brave boys,
 While Joan's ale is new.

The first that came in was a soldier
With his firelock over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder,
 And a long broadsword he drew :
He swore he would fight for England's ground,
Before the nation should be run down ;
He boldly drank their healths all round,
 While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a hatter,
Sure no one could be blacker,
And he began to chatter
 Among the jovial crew :
He threw his hat upon the ground,
And swore every man should spend his pound,
And boldly drank their healths all round,
 While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a dyer,
And he sat himself down by the fire,
For it was his heart's desire

To drink with the jovial crew :
He told the landlord to his face
The chimney-corner should be his place,
And there he'd sit and dye his face,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a tinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
And he was no strong ale shrinker
Among the jovial crew ;
For his brass nails were made of metal,
And he swore he'd go and mend a kettle,
Good heart, how his hammer and nails did rattle,
While Joan's ale was new !

The next that came in was a tailor
With his bodkin, shears, and thimble,
He swore he would be nimble
Among the jovial crew ;
They sat and they called for ale so stout
Till the poor tailor was almost broke,
And was forced to go and pawn his coat,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a ragman
With his rag-bag over his shoulder,
Sure no one could be bolder
Among the jovial crew ;
They sat and called for pots and glasses
Till they were all as drunk as asses,
And burnt the old ragman's bag to ashes,
While Joan's ale was new.

79

GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAILERS'
SONG

WASSAIL! wassail! all over the town,
Our bread is white and our ale it is brown:
Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree,
So here, my good fellow, I'll drink to thee.

The wassailing bowl, with a toast within,
Come fill it up unto the brim;
Come fill it up, so that we may all see;
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Come, butler, come bring us a bowl of your
best,
And we hope your soul in Heaven will rest;
But if you do bring us a bowl of your small,
Then down shall go butler, the bowl and all.

Oh, butler! oh, butler! now don't you be
worst,
But pull out your knife and cut us a toast;
And cut us a toast, one that we may all see;—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Dobbin, and to his right eye,
God send our mistress a good Christmas pie;
A good Christmas pie, as e'er we did see,—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Broad May, and to his broad horn,
God send our master a good crop of corn;
A good crop of corn as we may all see,—
With the wassailing bowl I'll drink to thee.

Here's to Colly, and to her long tail,
We hope our master and mistress's heart will
 ne'er fail,
But bring us a bowl of your good strong beer,
And then we shall taste of your happy new year.

Be there here any pretty maids? we hope there
 be some,
Don't let the jolly wassailers stand on the cold
 stone,
But open the door, and pull out the pin,
That we jolly wassailers may all sail in.

80

THE CRAVEN CHURN-SUPPER SONG

GOD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Be not moved at my strain,
For nothing study shall my brain,
 But for to make you laugh:
For I came here to this feast,
For to laugh, carouse, and jest,
And welcome shall be every guest
 To take his cup and quaff.
 Be frolicsome every one,
 Melancholy none;
 Drink about,
 See it out,
And then we'll all go home!

This ale it is a gallant thing,
It cheers the spirits of a king,
It makes a dumb man strive to sing,
Aye, and a beggar play!
A cripple that is lame and halt,
And scarce a mile a day can walk,
When he feels the juice of malt,
Will throw his crutch away.

Be frolicsome every one, etc.

'Twill make the parson forget his men,
'Twill make the clerk forget his pen,
'Twill turn a tailor's giddy brain
And make him break his wand.
The blacksmith loves it as his life,
It makes the tinker bang his wife,
Aye, and the butcher seek his knife
When he has it in his hand!

Be frolicsome every one, etc.

} So now to conclude, my merry boys all,
Let's with strong liquor take a fall,
Although the weakest goes to the wall,
The best is but a play;
For water it concludes in noise,
Good ale will cheer our hearts, brave boys:
Then put it round with cheerful voice,
We meet not every day!
Be frolicsome every one,
Melancholy none;
Drink about,
See it out,
And then we'll all go home!

81

A CUP OF OLD STINGO

THERE is a lusty liquor which
Good fellows use to take-a,
It is distill'd with nard most rich,
And water of the lake-a;
Of hop a little quantity,
And barm to it they bring, too;
Being barrell'd up, they call't a cup
Of dainty good old Stingo.

'Twill make a man indentures make,
'Twill make a fool seem wise,
'Twill make a Puritan sociate
And leave to be precise:
'Twill make him dance about a cross,
And eke to run the ring, too,
Or anything he once thought gross,
Such virtue hath old Stingo.

'Twill make a constable oversee
Sometimes to serve a warrant,
'Twill make a bailiff lose his fee,
Though he be a knight arrant;
'Twill make a lawyer, though that he
To ruin oft men brings, too,
Sometimes forget to take his fee,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make a parson not to flinch,
Though he seem wondrous holy,
And for to kiss a pretty wench,
And think it is no folly;

'Twill make him learn for to decline
The verb that's called *Mingo*,
'Twill make his nose like copper shine,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make a weaver break his yarn,
That works with right and left foot,
But he hath a trick to save himself,
He'll say there wanteth woof to't;
'Twill make a tailor break his thread
And eke his thimble ring, too,
'Twill make him not to care for bread,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make a baker quite forget
That ever corn was cheap,
'Twill make a butcher have a fit
Sometimes to dance and leap;
'Twill make a miller keep his room,
A health for to begin, too,
'Twill make him show his golden thumb,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

'Twill make an hostess free of heart,
And leave her measures pinching,
'Twill make an host with liquor part
And bid him hang all flinching;
It's so belov'd, I dare protest,
Men cannot live without it,
And where they find there is the best,
The most will flock about it.

And, finally, the beggar poor,
That walks till he be weary,
Craving along from door to door
With *pre-commiserere*;
If he do chance to catch a touch,
Although his clothes be thin, too,
Though he be lame, he'll prove his crutch,
If his head be lin'd with Stingo.

Now to conclude, here is a health
Unto the lad that spendeth,
Let every man drink off his can,
And so my ditty endeth;
I willing am my friend to pledge,
For he will meet me one day;
Let's drink the barrel to the dregs,
For the maltman comes a Monday.

82

THE MERRY FELLOWS

Now, since we're met, let's merry, merry be,
In spite of all our foes;
And he that will not merry be,
We'll pull him by the nose.
Let him be merry, merry there,
While we're all merry, merry here,
For who can know where he shall go
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up
And fast bound to a post.
Let him be merry, merry there, etc.

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he be obliged to drink small beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purse.
Let him be merry, merry there, etc.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a company of jolly boys,
May he be plagued with a scolding wife
To confound him with her noise.
Let him be merry, merry there, etc.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his sweetheart by his side,
Let him be laid in the cold churchyard
With a headstone for his bride.
Let him be merry, merry there,
While we're all merry, merry here,
For who can know where he shall go
To be merry another year?

83

HARVEST HOME

OUR oats they are hoed, and our barley's reap'd,
Our hay it is mow'd, and our hovel's heap'd;
Harvest home, harvest home!
We'll merrily roar our harvest home!
Harvest home, harvest home!
We'll merrily roar our harvest home!


We cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again;
For why should the vicar have one in ten,
One in ten, one in ten,
For why should the vicar have one in ten?

For staying while dinner is cold and hot,
And pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot,
Burnt to pot, burnt to pot,
Till pudding and dumpling's burnt to pot.

We'll drink off our liquor while we can stand,
And hey for the honour of old England,
Old England, old England,
And hey for the honour of old England!

84

MAKE me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious soul;
Vast as my thirst is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave,
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I design to bury it there.
Let it of silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of wine, worthy of me!
Worthy to adorn the spheres
As that bright cup amongst the stars:
That cup which Heaven deign'd a place
Next the sun its greatest grace.
Kind cup! that to the stars did go
To light poor drunkards here below;
Let mine be so, and give me light,
That I may drink and revel by't;
Yet draw no shapes of armour there,
No casque, nor shield, nor sword, nor spear,
Nor wars of Thebes, nor wars of Troy,
Nor any other martial toy:
For what do I vain armour prize,
Who mind not such rough exercise?
But gentler sieges, softer wars,
Fights that cause no wounds or scars.
I'll have no battles on my plate,
Lest sight of them should brawls create;
Lest that provoke to quarrels too,



Which wine itself enough can do.
Draw me no constellations there,
No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
Nor any of that monstrous fry
Of animals, which stock the sky;
For what are stars to my design?
Stars, which I, when drunk, outshine,
Outshone by every drop of wine:
I lack no pole-star on the brink,
To guide in the wide Sea of Drink;
But would for ever there be tost,
And wish no haven, seek no coast.
Yet, gentle artist, if thou'lt try
Thy skill, then draw me (let me see),
Draw me first a spreading vine,
Make its arms the bowl entwine,
With kind embraces, such as I
Twist about my loving she.
Let its boughs o'erspread above
Scenes of drinking, scenes of love:
Draw next the patron of that tree,
Draw Bacchus, and soft Cupid by:
Draw them both in toping shapes,
Their temples crown'd with cluster'd grapes:
Make them lean against the cup,
As 'twere to keep the figures up;
And when their reeling forms I view,
I'll think them drunk, and be so too:
The gods shall my examples be,
The gods thus drunk in effigy.

JOHN OLDHAM (1653-1683).



85

COME, hang up your care, and cast away sorrow,
Drink on, he's a sot that e'er thinks of to-
morrow:

Good store of terse-claret supplies everything,
For a man that is drunk is as great as a king.

Let no one with crosses or losses repine,
But take a full dose of the juice of the wine.
Diseases and troubles are ne'er to be found,
But in the damn'd place where the glass goes
not round!

THOMAS SHADWELL (1642?-1692).

86

THE WHET

WINE in the morning
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar
In the pride of the day.
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light;
We imitate him
When by noon we're at height;
They steal wine who take it,
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines ;
The higher he rises,
The more he refines :
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.


TOM BROWN (1663-1704).

87

THE TOPER

SHE tells me with claret she cannot agree,
And she thinks of a hogshead whene'er she
sees me ;
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I
Resolve to forsake her or claret deny :
Must I leave my dear bottle that was always
my friend,
And I hope will continue so to my life's end ?
Must I leave it for her ? 'tis a very hard task,—
Let her go to the Devil, bring the other whole
flask !

Had she tax'd me with gaming and bade me
forbear,
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear ;
Had she found out my Chloris up three pair of
stairs,
I had baulk'd her and gone to St. James's to
pray'rs ;



Had she bid me read homilies three times a day,
She perhaps had been humour'd with little to
say;
But at night to deny me my flask of dear red,—
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be
said!

TOM D'URFEY (1653-1723).

88

THE BOTTLE PREFERR'D

PROUD woman, I scorn you,
Brisk wine's my delight,
I'll drink all the day,
And I'll revel all night.

As great as a monarch
The moments I pass,
The bottle's the globe
And my sceptre's the glass.

The table's my throne,
And the tavern's my court,
The drawer's my subject,
And drinking's my sport.

Here's the chief of all joy,
Here's a mistress ne'er coy;
Dear cure of all sorrows,
And life of all bliss:
I'm a king when I hug you,
But more when I kiss.

89

AN EXCUSE FOR DRINKING

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
 With drinking to excess ;
 I should not want to drown despair,
 Were your indifference less.

Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
 When this excuse is gone,
 That all my bliss, when Chloe's kind,
 Is fix'd on her alone.

The god of wine the victory
 To beauty yields with joy ;
 For Bacchus only drinks like me,
 When Ariadne's coy.

90

REASONS FOR DRINKING

Si bene commemini causæ sunt quinque bibendi—
 Hospitis adventus, præsens sitis, atque futura,
 Aut vini bonitas, aut quæ libet altera causa.

If all be true that I do think,
 There are five reasons we should drink :
 Good wine—a friend—or being dry—
 Or lest we should be by-and-by—
 Or any other reason why.

DR. HENRY ALDRICH (1647-1710).

91

PRITHEE fill me the glass,
Till it laugh in my face,
With ale that is potent and mellow;
He that whines for a lass
Is an ignorant ass,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

We'll drink, and we'll never ha' done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the sun, boys,
Let Apollo's example invite us;
For he's drunk every night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

To drink is a Christian diversion
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian:
Let Mahometan fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And be damn'd over tea-cups and coffee;
But let British lads sing,
Crown a health to the King,
And a fig for your Sultan and Sophy!

WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670-1729).

92


DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

HERE's a health to the King and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless women-hating crew;
And they that women's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie.



93

HERE'S TO THE KING

WEEL may ye a' be,
Ill may ye never see;
God save the King
And the gude company:
 Fill, fill a bumper high,
 Drain, drain your barrels dry;
 Out upon him, fie, fie,
 That winna do't again.

Here's to the King—
Ye ken wha I mean—
And to ilka honest boy
That will do't again.

Here's to the chieftains
Of the gallant Scotch clans;
They have done twice and ance,
And they'll do't again.

When the pipes begin to play
Tutti taiti, to the drum,
Out claymore and down the gun,
And to the rogues again:
 Fill, fill a bumper high,
 Drain, drain your barrels dry;
 Out upon him, fie, fie,
 That winna do't again.

94

THE TOPER'S PETITION

O GRANT me, kind Bacchus,
The god of the vine,
Not a pipe nor a tun,
But an ocean of wine;
With a ship that's well mann'd
With such rare-hearted fellows,
Who ne'er left the tavern
For a porterly ale-house.

Let the ship spring a leak,
To let in the tipples,
Without pump or long-boat
To save ship or people:
So that each jolly lad
May always be bound
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drown'd.

When death does prevail,
It is my design
To be nobly entomb'd
In a wave of good wine;
So that, living or dead,
Both body and spirit
May float round the world
In an ocean of claret.

95

GIVE me but a friend and a glass, boys,
I'll show ye what 'tis to be gay;
I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
Nor love my brisk youth away:
Give me but an honest fellow,
That's pleasantest when he's mellow,
We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
But 'tis wine that makes us free;
'Tis women that make us blind, boys,
But wine makes us doubly see,
The female is true to no man,
Deceit is inherent to woman,
But none in a brimmer can be.

96

WINE, MIGHTY WINE

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
Deserted my Chloe and stuck to the glass,
But though I have 'left her, the truth I'll
declare:
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was
fair.

Yes, Chloe has dimples and smiles, I must own,
But although she can smile, yet in truth she
can frown;


But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?
In wine, mighty wine, in wine, mighty wine,
In wine, mighty wine many comforts I spy:
If you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try!

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;
But in wine from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows.
Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love;
In drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are
friends.

In wine, mighty wine, etc.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life
With nurses and babies, with squalling and
strife;

But wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
And a jolly big bottle's a mighty good thing!
Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She'd left me to get an estate or a lord;
But my bumper, regardless of title and pelf,
By me will it stand when I can't stand myself.
In wine, mighty wine, in wine, mighty wine,
In wine, mighty wine many comforts I spy:
If you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try!



97

O GOOD ALE, THOU ART MY
DARLING

THE landlord, he looks very big
With his high cock'd hat and his powder'd wig;
Methinks he looks both fair and fat,
But he may thank you and me for that;
For 'tis O good ale, thou art my darling
And my joy both night and morning.

The brewer brew'd thee in his pan,
The tapster draws thee in his can;
Now I with thee will play my part,
And lodge thee next unto my heart:
For 'tis O good ale, etc.

Thou oft hast made my friends my foes,
And often made me pawn my clothes;
But since thou art so nigh my nose,
Come up, my friend—and down he goes:
For 'tis O good ale, thou art my darling
And my joy both night and morning.

98

NOTTINGHAM ALE

WHEN Venus, the goddess of beauty and love,
Arose from the froth that swam on the sea,
Minerva sprang out of the cranium of Jove,
A coy, sullen dame as most authors agree:
But Bacchus, they tell us, (that prince of good
fellows),
Was Jupiter's son : pray attend to my tale,
For they who thus chatter, mistake quite the
matter,
He sprang from a barrel of Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale,
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale!

Ye Bishops and Curates, Priests, Deacons, and
Vicars,
When once you have tasted, you'll own it is
true,
That Nottingham ale is the best of all liquors,
And none understand what is good like to you.
It dispels ev'ry vapour, saves pen, ink, and paper,
For, when you've a mind in the pulpit to rail,
'Twill open your throats, you may preach with-
out notes,
When inspir'd with a bumper of Nottingham
ale.
Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale, etc.

Ye Doctors, who more execution have done
With powder and potion, and bolus and pill,
Than hangman with halter, or soldier with gun,
Or miser with famine, or lawyer with quill;
To despatch us the quicker, you forbid us malt
liquor,
Till our bodies consume and our faces grow
pale;
Let him mind you who pleases—what cures all
disease is
A comforting glass of good Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale,
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale!

99

THE TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS

Wise Thales, the father of all
The Greek philosophical crew,
Ere he gaz'd at the heavens, would call
For a chirruping bottle or two,
That, when he had brighten'd his eyes,
He the planets might better behold,
And make the fools think he was wise,
By the whimsical tales that he told.

Diogenes, surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there is truth;

Till growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to comfort his heart,
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Because he had emptied his quart:
Though some are so foolish to think
He wept at man's folly and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul;
And would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a full flowing bowl:
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a lord
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Cræsus a slave,
Though a king, to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But, drinking, much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
Late hours he certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home:
And to show he lov'd wine that was good
To the last, we may truly aver it,
That he tinctur'd the bath with his blood,
So fancied he died in his claret.

Pythag'ras did silence enjoin
On his pupils, who wisdom would seek,
Because that he tippled good wine,
Till himself was unable to speak:
And when he was whimsical grown,
With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus, like to the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And fancied a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine;

With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy reel;
Then fancied the world like his brains,
Run round like a chariot wheel.

Theophrastus, that eloquent sage,
By Athens so greatly ador'd,
With a bottle would boldly engage,
When mellow was brisk as a bird;
Would chat, tell a story, and jest
Most pleasantly over a glass,
And thought a dumb guest at a feast
But a dull philosophical ass.

Anaxarchus, more patient than Job,
By pestles was pounded to death,
Yet scorn'd that a groan or a sob
Should waste the remains of his breath:
But sure he was free with the glass,
And drank to a pitch of disdain,
Or the strength of his wisdom, alas!
I fear would have flinch'd at the pain.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, most writers agree,
Was as large as a watering-trough;
He therefore jump'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrho had taken a glass,
He saw that no object appear'd
Exactly the same as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard;
For things running round in his drink,
Which sober he motionless found,
Occasion'd the sceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He wisely to virtue was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits we never had known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings;
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

100

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

LEAVE off this idle prating,
Talk no more of Whig and Tory;
But drink your glass,
Round let it pass,
The bottle stands before ye.

Chorus—

Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with mirth be crown'd:
Drink about, see it out,
Love and friendship still go round!

If claret be a blessing,
This night devote to pleasure;
Let worldly cares
And state affairs
Be thought on at more leisure.

If any is so zealous,
To be a party's minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll soon agree,
And be of one opinion.

101

THE PRUDENTIAL LOVER

WHILST the town's brim full of folly,
And runs gadding after Polly,
Let us take a cheerful glass.
Tell me, Damon, where's the pleasure
Of bestowing time and treasure,
For to make one's self an ass?

I'm for joys are less expensive,
Where the pleasure's more extensive,
And from dull attention free;
Where my Celia, o'er a bottle,
Can, when tir'd with amorous prattle,
Sing old songs as well as she.

102

TIPPLING JOHN

As tippling John was jogging on,
Upon a riot night,
With tottering pace and fiery face,
Suspicious of high flight;
The guards, who took him by his look
For some chief fiery-brand,
Ask'd, whence he came? what was his name?
"Who are you? stand, friend, stand."

"I'm going home, from meeting come."
"Ay," says one, "that's the case,
Some meeting he has burnt, you see
The flame's still in his face."
John thought it time to purge his crime,
And said, "My chief intent
Was to assuage my thirsty rage
I' th' meeting that I meant."

"Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,"
Says one, "pray let us know,
That we may find how you're inclin'd,
Are you High Church or Low?"
John said to that, "I tell you what,
To end debates and strife,
All I can say, this is the way
I steer my course of life."

"I ne'er to Bow, nor Burgess go,
To steeple-house nor hall,
The brisk bar-bell best suits my zeal,
With 'gentlemen, d'ye call?'
Guess then, am I Low Church or High,
From that tow'r, or no steeple,
Whose merry toll exalts the soul,
And must make high-flown people."

The guards came on and look'd at John
With countenance most pleasant,
By whisper round they all soon found
He was no damaged peasant;
Thus while John stood the best he could,
Expecting their decision;
"Damn him," says one, "let him be gone,
He's of our own religion!"

103

THE FOUR DRUNKEN MAIDENS

Four drunken maidens came from the Isle of
Wight,
Drunk from Monday morning till Saturday
night;
When Saturday night came, they would not go
out,
And the four drunken maidens, they pushed the
jug about.

In came bouncing Sally, and her cheeks like any bloom,

“ Sit about, dear sister, and give me some room,
I will be worthy of my room before I do go out ! ”

And the four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

There was woodcock and pheasants, partridges and hare,

And all sorts of dainties ; no scarcity was there ;
There was forty quarts of Malaga ; they fairly drank it out,

And the four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Down came the landlady to see what was to pay :

“ This is a forty pound bill to be drawn here this day ;

There is ten pounds apiece ”—and they would not go out,

And the four drunken maidens, they pushed the jug about.

Sally was a-walking along the highway,
And she met with her mother who unto her did say :

“ Where is the headdress you had the other day,
And where is your mantle so gallant and so gay ? ”

“ So gallant and so gay, we had no more to do,
We left them in the ale-house ; we had a randan row.”

104

COME, landlord, fill a flowing bowl, until it
does run over;
To-night we will all merry be, to-morrow we'll
get sober.

He that drinks strong beer, and goes to bed
mellow,
Lives as he ought to live, and dies a hearty
fellow.

Punch cures the gout, the colic, and the tistic,
And is to all men the very best of physic.

He that drinks small beer, and goes to bed
sober,
Falls as the leaves do that die in October.

He that courts a pretty girl, and courts her for
his pleasure,
Is a fool to marry her without store of treasure.

Now let us dance and sing, and drive away all
sorrow,
For perhaps we may not meet again to-morrow.



105

ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS
CUP

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

WILLIAM OLDYS (1696-1761).

106

As swift as time put round the glass,
And husband well life's little space;
Perhaps yon sun, which shines so bright,
May set in everlasting night.

Or, if the sun again should rise,
Death, ere the morn, may close your eyes;
Then drink, before it be too late,
And snatch the present hour from fate.

Come, fill a bumper, fill it round;
Let mirth and wit and wine abound;
In these alone true wisdom lies,
For to be merry's to be wise!

107

THE BROWN JUG

(Imitated from the Latin of Hieronymus Amaltheus.)

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams
with mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the
Vale),
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl;
In boosing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease
In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you
please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows
away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his
clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were
shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had
lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown
jug:
Now sacred to friendship and mirth and mild
ale,—
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale!

FRANCIS FAWKES (1720-1777).

108

WITH my jug in my hand and my pipe in the
other,
I drink to my neighbour and friend;
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother,
For life, I know, shortly must end.

While Ceres most kindly refills my brown
jug,
With good ale I will make myself mellow;
In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

109

With an honest old friend and a merry old
 song,
And a flask of old port let me sit the night
 long,
And laugh at the malice of those who repine
That they must drink porter whilst I can drink
 wine.

I envy no mortal tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;
But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,
Is pooriness of spirit, not pooriness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
Let us merrily pass life's remainder away;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may de-
 spise,
For the more we are envied, the higher we
 rise.

HENRY CAREY (d. 1743).

110

AN ASPIRATION

OH! lead me to some peaceful room,
Where none but honest fellows come,
Where wives' loud clappers never sound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again:
What comfort can a husband have
To rule the house where he's a slave?

111

METHOUGHT I little Cupid saw,
 Astride a tun above;
And Bacchus with a nymph below,
 Devoutly making love.

Friend, said the laughing god, you see
 How we our pleasures join;
Not always beauty pleases me,
 Nor always Bacchus wine.

But while we interchange our bliss,
 We feel renewing charms;
He with fresh joy flies back to this,
 And I to Celia's arms.

112

EPIGRAM ON PUNCH

HENCE! restless cares and low design;
Hence! foreign compliments and wine:
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper fill'd by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat,
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet
Each other duly temp'ring meet.
A while with joy the scene is crown'd,
A while the catch and toast go round;
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights and shuts the door.
Say then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body or the mind,—
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.
(1721-1791).

113

You may talk of brisk claret, sing praises of
sherry,
Speak well of old hock, mum, cider, and perry ;
But you must drink punch if you mean to be
merry.

A bowl of this liquor the gods being all at,
Thought good we should know it by way of
new ballad,
As fit for both ours and their Highnesses'
palate.

Then thanks to the gods, those tipplers above
us,
They've taught us to drink, and therefore they
love us,
And to drink very hard is all they crave of us.

114

RING, ring the bar-bell of the world,
Great Bacchus calls for wine ;
Haste, pierce the globe, its juices drain,
To whet him ere he dine.

Have you not heard the bottle cluck,
When first you've pour'd it forth ?
The globe shall cluck as soon as tapp'd,
To brood such sons of worth.

When this world's out, more worlds we'll
have:

Who dare oppose the call?
If we had twice ten thousand worlds,
Ere night we'd drink them all!

See, see our drawer, Atlas, comes,
His cask upon his back;
Haste! drink and swill, let's booze amain,
Till all our girdles crack!

Apollo cried, Let's drink amain,
Lest Time should go astray,
We'll make Time drunk, the rest replied,
We gods can make a day.

Brave Hercules, who took the hint,
Required Time to drink,
And made him gorge such potions down,
That Time forgot to think.

Unthinking Time thus overcome,
And nonplussed in the vast,
Dissolv'd in the ætherial world,
Sigh'd, languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now Time's no more, let's drink away;
Hang flinching, make no words:
Like true-born Bacchanalian souls
We'll get as drunk as lords!

115

BACCHUS must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine:
It is not fit the wretch should be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing else but wine;
Let wine its only produce be;
Let wine be earth and air and sea—
And let that wine be all for me!

Let other mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care;
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let states and empires swim or sink—
My sole ambition is to drink!

116

THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS

By the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass,
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old,

Soon, too soon the busy day
Drives us from our sport away :
What have we with day to do ?
Sons of care 'twas made for you.

By the silence of the owl,
By the chirping on the thorn,
By the butts that empty roll,
We foresee th' approach of morn :
Fill then, fill the vacant glass,
Let no precious moment slip,
Flout the moralising ass,
Joys find entrance at the lip !

117

COME to my arms, my treasure,
Thou spring of all my joy ;
Without thy aid all pleasure
Must languish, fade, and die.
In vain is all resistance,
When arm'd with thy assistance,
What fair one can deny ?
Then fill around the glasses,
And thus we'll drink and chant,
May all the dear, kind lasses
Have all they wish or want !

118

My joyous blades, with roses crown'd,
Who quaff bright nectar at its spring,
Dispute not if the earth goes round,
But hear a thirsty poet sing.

All take your glasses, charge them high,
Let bumpers swiftly bumpers chase,
Each man drink fifty, soon they'll spy
The earth wheel round with rapid pace.

119

How stands the glass around?
For shame! ye take no care, my boys!
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound;
The trumpets sound,
The colours they are flying, boys!
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?
What, sighing? Fie!

Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I,
Cold, hot, wet or dry;
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys—
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain;
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

120

“HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
What is bliss, and which the way?”

Thus I spoke; and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repressed the starting tear;
When the smiling sage replied—
“Come, my lad, and drink some beer.”

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784).

121

UP IN THE AIR

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,
Beet the ingle and snuff the light;
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France,
Up in the air
On my bonny gray mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet!

The wind's drifting hail and sna'
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit,
The man i' the moon
Is carousing aboon;
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet?

Tak' your glass to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the spleen;
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
And gently beets the lover's fire,
Up in the air,
It drives away care:
Hae wi' ye, hae wi' ye, hae wi' ye lads yet!

Steek the doors, haud out the frost,
Come, Willie, gie's about your toast;
Till it lads and lilt it out,
And let us hae a blythesome bout.
Up wi' 't! there, there!
Dinna cheat but drink fair:
Huzza, huzza, and huzza lads yet!

ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1758).

122

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring taps,
Buried beneath big wreaths o' snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scaur and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
There's no nae gowfer to be seen,
Nor dousser fouk, wysing a-jee
The byast boulds on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith butt and ben,
That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen!

Gude claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives awa' the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul ayont the moon. ˆ

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth o' blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they hae a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstanes thud.

But soon as ere they cry, Be quiet,
The blattering winds daur nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command o' supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless pow'rs.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

123

TODLIN' HAME

WHEN I hae a saxpence under my thoom,
Then I'll get credit in ilka toun;
But aye when I'm puir they bid me gang by:
Oh, poverty parts gude company.
Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
Couldna my love come todlin' hame?

Fair-fa' the gudewife, and send her gude sale,
She gies us white bannocks to relish her ale,
Syne if that her tippeny chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa :

Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
As round as a neep come todlin' hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet ;
And aye when we wauken'd, we drank them
dry :

What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
Todlin' butt and todlin' ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlin' hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin' doo,
Ye're aye sae good humour'd when weeting
your mou ;

When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flea,
That 'tis a blythe sight to the bairns and me,
When todlin' hame, todlin' hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlin'
hame.

124

ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben ;
And weel she loo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

She took me in, and set me doon,
And heght to keep me lawing free ;
But, cunning carline that she was,
She gart me birl my bawbee.

We loo'ed the liquor weel enough ;
But waes my heart, my cash was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
Wi' girdle-cakes weel toasted broon,
Weel does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the swats gae glibber doon.
We ca'd the bicker aft about ;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And aye the cleanest drinker out
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun ;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

125

O GUDE ale comes and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon,
Gude ale hauds my heart aboon:
Gude ale keeps me bare and busy,
Brandy mak's me dull and dizzy,
Gars me sleep and sough i' my shoon:
Gude ale hauds my heart aboon.

O in the sweetest plums there's stones,
And in the fairest beef there's bones;
Rum turns ye rude, wine mak's ye pale,
There's life and love and soul in ale;
Gude ale's the medicine oft spaed of,
The very stuff that life is made of,
Dropt in a receipt from the moon,
To haud men's sinking hearts aboon.

May he rub shoulders wi' the gallows,
Wha wad keep gude ale frae gude fellows;
May he gape wide when suns are south,
And never drink come near his drouth;
But here's to him, where'er he roam,
Wha loves to see the flagons foam,
For he's a king o'er lord and loon—
Gude ale hauds my heart aboon.

126

THE TOAST

COME, let's hae mair wine in :
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus lo'es nae dwining,
Let's be blythe and free !
Awa' wi' dull, Here t'ye, Sir,
Your mistress, Robie, gie's her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha's beloved by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me ;
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her,
Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
Come, let's join our glasses,
And refresh our hauses
Wi' a health to thee ;
Let coofs their cash be clinking,
Be statesmen tint in thinking,
Whilst we wi' love and drinking,
Give our cares the lie.

127

SAVE women and wine there is nothing in life
That can bribe honest souls to endure it :
When the heart is perplex'd and surrounded
with care,

Dear women and wine only can cure it.

Dear women and wine, dear women and
wine,

Dear women and wine only can cure it.

Come on then, my boys, we'll have women and
wine,

And wisely to purpose employ them ;

He's a fool that refuses such blessings divine,

Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them,

As women and wine, dear women and
wine,

Whilst vigour and health can enjoy them.

Our wine shall be old, bright, and sound, my
dear Jack,

To heighten our amorous fires ;

Our girls young and smart, and shall kiss with
a smack,

And shall gratify all our desires ;

The bottles we'll crack, and the lasses
we'll smack,

And shall gratify all our desires !

128

WOMEN AND WINE

SOME say women are like the sea,
Some the waves, and some the rocks,
Some the rose that soon decays,
Some the weather, some the cocks;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compared so well
As wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, so is wine;
They make the statesman lose his skill,
The soldier, lawyer, and divine;
They put a gigg in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool;
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale,
What is't that makes your looks divine,
What makes your courage rise and fall?
Is it not women, is it not wine?
Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,
That set fire to your noses?
From wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

129

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen:
Here's to the widow of fifty:
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass—
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass!

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize:
Now to the maid who has none, sir:
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow:
Now to her that's as brown as a berry:
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.
Let the toast pass—
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816).

130

OH, the days when I was young,
When I laughed in fortune's spite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night!
Then it was, old Father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow I ne'er could see;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.
For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask;
But still honest truth I found
In the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring-decay,
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are gray.
Yet, old Jerome, thou mayst boast,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost
Glows a spark of youthful fire.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

131

f
A BUMPER of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
 So fill a cheerful glass,
 And let good humour pass.
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

132

THIS bottle's the sun of our table,
 His beams are rosy wine:
We, planets that are not able
 Without his help to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound!
 You'll soon grow bright
 With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



133

THE THREE PIGEONS

LET schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar and nonsense and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes and Stygians,
Their *qui*'s and their *quæ*'s and their *quods*,
They're all but a parcel of pigeons!
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll!

When Methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll!

Then, come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever!
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your wid-
geons,
But of all the gay birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons!
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll!


OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774).

134

BUMPERS, SQUIRE JONES!

YE good fellows all, ye good fellows all,
Who love to be told where there's claret
good store,
Attend to the call of one who's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted with six bottles more.
Be sure you don't pass the good house Money-
glass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns;
'Twill well suit your humour, for pray what
would you more
Than mirth with good claret, and—"Bum-
pers, Squire Jones!"

Ye lovers who pine, ye lovers who pine
For lasses who oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine for lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses, or tip of an ear,
Come hither, I'll show ye how Phyllis and
Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such
groans;
For what mortal so stupid as not to quit
Cupid,
When called by good claret, and—"Bumpers,
Squire Jones!"



Ye poets who write, ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's
brook,
Though all you get by't is a dinner ofttimes,
In reward of your rhymes, with Humphrey
the Duke:
Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,
Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old
crones;
Our jingling of glasses your rhyming surpasses,
When crowned with good claret, and—
“Bumpers, Squire Jones!”


Ye soldiers so stout, ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout of all your commanders,
Who served us in Flanders and eke at the
Boyne,
Come, leave off your rattling of sieging and
battling,
And know you'd much better to sleep in
whole bones;
Were you sent to Gibraltar, your notes you'd
soon alter,
And wish for good claret, and—“Bumpers,
Squire Jones!”

Ye clergy so wise, ye clergy so wise,
Who mysteries profound can demonstrate
most clear,
How worthy to rise! You preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek above once in a
year:

Come here without failing, and leave off your
railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid
drones;
Says the text so divine, "What is life without
wine?"
Then away with the claret—"A bumper,
Squire Jones!"

Ye lawyers so just, ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly
plead,
How worthy of trust! You know black from
white,
Yet prefer wrong to right, as you chance to
be fee'd;
Leave musty reports, and forsake the king's
courts,
Where dulness and discord have set up their
thrones;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris, with all your damned
entries,
And away with the claret—"A bumper,
Squire Jones!"

Ye physical tribe, ye physical tribe,
Whose knowledge consists in hard words
and grimace,
Whene'er you prescribe, have at your devo-
tion
Pills, bolus, or potion, be what will the
case;



Pray where is the need to purge, blister, and bleed?

When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns

That the forms of old Galen are not so prevailing
As mirth with good claret, and—"Bumpers,
Squire Jones!"

Ye fox-hunters eke, ye fox-hunters eke,

That follow the call of the horn and the hound,

Who your ladies forsake before they awake,

To beat up the brake where the vermin is found,

Leave Piper and Blueman, shrill Duchess and Trueman,

No music is found in such dissonant tones;

Would you ravish your ears with the songs of the spheres?

Hark away! to the claret—"A bumper, Squire Jones!"

BARON ARTHUR DAWSON
(1700-1775).

135

THE CRISKEEN LAWN

LET the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my charming little cruiskeen lawn,
lawn, lawn,
My charming little cruiskeen lawn.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your son;
In hope that you'll comply,
My glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn, etc.

And when grim Death appears
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run,
I'll say, Begone, you knave,
For bold Bacchus gave me leave
To take another cruiskeen lawn, etc.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips adry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another cruiskeen lawn, etc.

136

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night
Ye wad na found in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e!
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree!

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And monie a night we've merry been,
And monie mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, etc.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three!
We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e!
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796).



137

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the risin sun.

Then, gudewife, count the lawin, the lawin,
the lawin,

Then, gudewife, count the lawin, and bring a
coggie mair!

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen',
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Then, gudewife, count the lawin, the lawin,
the lawin,

Then, gudewife, count the lawin, and bring a
coggie mair!

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool,
And Pleasure is a wanton trout:
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out!

Then, gudewife, count the lawin, the lawin,
the lawin,

Then, gudewife, count the lawin, and bring a
coggie mair!

ROBERT BURNS.

138

LADY ONLIE

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in an' tak' a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky!

Her hoose sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky;
And cheery blinks the ingle-gleed
O' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky!

ROBERT BURNS.

139

LANDLADY, count the lawin',
The day is near the dawin';
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti,
Hey tutti, taiti,
Wha's fou now?

Cog, an ye were ay fou,
 Cog, an ye were ay fou,
 I wad sit an' sing to you,
 If ye're were ay fou!

Weel may ye a' be!
 Ill may ye never see!
 God bless the King
 And the companie!
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti,
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 Wha's fou now?

ROBERT BURNS.

140

WE'RE A' NODDIN'

"GUDE e'en to you, kimmer,
 And how do ye do?"
 "Hiccup!" quo' kimmer,
 "The better that I'm fou!"

Chorus—

We're a' noddin',
 Nid nid noddin',
 We're a' noddin'
 At our house at hame!

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen-broo;
Deil tak' Kate
An she be na noddin' too!

"How's a' wi' you, kimmer?
And how do you fare?"
"A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair!"

"How's a' wi' you, kimmer?
And how do ye thrive?
How monie bairns hae ye?"
Quo' kimmer, "I hae five."

"Are they a' Johnie's?"
"Eh! atweel na :
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnie was awa!"

Cats like milk
And dogs like broo;
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.

We're a' noddin',
Nid nid noddin',
We're a' noddin'
At our house at hame!

ROBERT BURNS.

141

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE
EXCISEMAN

THE Deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,
And danced awa wi' th' Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries, 'Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!

Chorus—

The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,
The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman!
He's danced awa, he's danced awa,
He's danced awa wi' th' Exciseman!

We'll mak' our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And monie braw thanks to the meikle black Deil,
That danced awa wi' th' Exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,
Was—*The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.*

The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,
The Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman!
He's danced awa, he's danced awa,
He's danced awa wi' th' Exciseman!

ROBERT BURNS.

142

JOHN BARLEYCORN

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.


They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
Then hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn—
There, let him sink or swim!

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.



John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise ;

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy ;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

ROBERT BURNS.

143

THE PITCHER

THE silver moon she shines so bright—
She shines so bright, I swear, by nature,
That if my hour-glass goes but right,
We've time to drink another pitcher.

Chorus—

For 'tis not day, 'tis not yet day,
Then why should we forsake good liquor ?
Until the sun beams round in play,
We've time to call for t'other pitcher.

They say were I to work by day,
And sleep at night, I'd grow much richer,
But what is all this world can give,
Compared to mirth, my friend, and pitcher?
For 'tis not day, etc.

Though one may get a handsome wife,
Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her,
Unvex'd I'd live a single life,
And boldly call for t'other pitcher.
For 'tis not day, etc.

I dearly love a hearty man,
No sneaking milksop, Jemmy Twitcher,
Who loves his friend and loves his can,
And boldly calls for t'other pitcher—
For 'tis not day, 'tis not yet day,
Then why should we forsake good liquor?
Until the sun beams round in play,
We'll sit and push about the pitcher.

ROBERT RIDDELL (d. 1794)?

144

THE SOCIAL CUP

THE gloaming saw us a' sit down,
An' meikle mirth has been our fa';
But ca' the tither toast aroun',
Till chanticleer begin to crow;
The auld kirk bell has chappit twal',
Wha cares though she had chappit twa!
We're licht o' heart, and winna part,
Though time and tide should rin awa.

Tut, never speir how wears the morn,
The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky;
An' gif like her we fill our horn,
I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.
Then fill we up a social cup,
An' never mind the dapple dawn:
Just sit a while, the sun may smile,
An' licht us a' across the lawn.

CHARLES GRAY (1782-1851).

145

THE LITTLE VAGABOND

DEAR mother, dear mother, the Church is cold;
But the Alehouse is healthy and pleasant and
warm.

Besides I can tell where I am used well;
The poor parsons with wind like a blown
bladder swell.

But if at the Church they would give us some
ale,

And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,
We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach and drink and
sing,

And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring;
And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at
Church,

Would not have bandy children nor fasting
nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see
His children as pleasant and happy as he,
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or
the barrel,

But kiss him, and give him both drink and
apparel.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827).

146

HAD I the tun which Bacchus used,
I'd sit on it all day;
For, while a can it ne'er refused,
He nothing had to pay.

I'd turn the cock from morn to eve,
Nor think it toil or trouble;
But I'd contrive, you may believe,
To make it carry double.

My friend should sit as well as I,
And take a jovial pot;
For he who drinks—although he's dry—
Alone, is sure a sot.

But since the tun which Bacchus used
We have not here—what then?
Since godlike toping is refused,
Let's drink like honest men.

And let that churl, old Bacchus, sit,—
Who envies him his wine?
While mortal fellowship and wit
Makes whisky more divine.

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN (1767-1815).


147

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW

WHEN St. Patrick this order established,
He called us the "Monks of the Screw!"
Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor the best from on high;
And he said on the word of a saint,
That the fountain should never run dry.

"Each year, when your octaves approach,
In full chapter convened let me find you;
And when to the convent you come,
Leave your favourite temptation behind you.
And be not a glass in your convent—
Unless on a festival—found;
And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
One festival all the year round.

"My brethren be chaste—till you're tempted;
While sober be grave and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting—
As oft as you've nothing to eat.
Yet in honour of fasting, one lean face
Among you I'd always require;
If the abbot should please, he may wear it,
If not, let it come to the prior."



Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
And with due devotion prepare,
With hands and with voices uplifted,
Our hymn to conclude with a prayer.
May this chapter oft joyously meet,
And this gladsome libation renew,
To the saint, and the founder, and abbot,
And prior, and monks of the Screw!

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN (1750-1817).

148

THE DESERTER'S MEDITATION

If sadly thinking
With spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking my cares compose,
A cure for sorrow
From sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow would end my woes.

But as in wailing
There's nought availing,
And death unfailing will strike the blow,
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.

To joy a stranger,
A way-worn ranger,
In every danger my course I've run;
Now hope all ending,
And death befriending,
His last ending, my cares are done.

No more a rover
Or hapless lover,
My griefs are over—my glass runs low;
Then for that reason,
And for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

149

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow that now gladdens my heart to
its core;
Let us drink!—who would not?—since though
life's varied round
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have basked in the beam of a dark rolling
eye;
I have loved!—who has not?—but what heart
can declare,
That pleasure existed whilst passion was there?

In the bright days of youth, when the heart's
 in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends!—who has not?—but what tongue
 will avow
That friends, rosy wine, are so faithful as thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange;
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam,—thou
 never canst change;
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on
 earth what appears,
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with
 its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous—who's not?—thou hast no
 such alloy;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more they
 enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the
 soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was opened on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
Hope was left—was she not?—but the goblet
 we kiss,
And care not for Hope who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is
 flown,
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own;
We must die—who shall not?—may our sins
 be forgiven,
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven!

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

150

LINES TO MR. MOORE

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

LORD BYRON.

151

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP
FORMED FROM A SKULL

START not—nor deem my spirit fled :
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaffed like thee ;
I died ; let earth my bones resign ;
Fill up—thou canst not injure me ;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy brood ;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of Gods, than reptiles' food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine ;
And when, alas ! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine ?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.


Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such sad effects produce;
Redeemed from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use.

LORD BYRON.

152

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING

ONE bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas! till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But fill—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.



As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries, "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours;
And never does Time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flow'rs.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

This evening we saw the sun sinking
In waters his glory made bright—
Oh! trust me, our farewell of drinking
Should be like that farewell of light.
You saw how he finished by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up! let's shine at our parting
In full liquid glory like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup!

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

153

DRINK OF THIS CUP

DRINK of this cup—you'll find there's a spell
in

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!

Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the
top of it;

But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain
every drop of it.

Send round the cup—for Oh! there's a spell
in

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter formed with such power
To charm and bewilder, as this we are quaff-
ing;

Its magic began, when, in Autumn's rich
hour,

As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood
laughing.

There, having by Nature's enchantment been
filled

With the balm and the bloom of her kindest
weather,

This wonderful juice from its core was distilled,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought
together.

Then drink of this cup, etc.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no
one—

Like cauldrons the witch brews at midnight
so awful,

In secret this philter was first taught to flow
on,

Yet—'tis not less potent for being unlawful.
What though it may taste of the smoke of
that flame

Which in silence extracted its virtue for-
bidden—

Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could
name,

Which may work too its charm, though now
lawless and hidden.

So drink of the cup—for Oh! there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!

Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THOMAS MOORE.

154

x

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board fled away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new-old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821).

155

THE TOPER'S APOLOGY

I'm often asked by plodding souls
And men of crafty tongue,
What joy I take in draining bowls
And tippling all night long.
Now, tho' these cautious knaves I scorn,
For once I'll not disdain
To tell them why I sit till morn,
And fill my glass again :

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives
Life's picture's mellow made ;
The fading light then brightly lives,
And softly sinks the shade ;
Some happier tint still rises there
With every drop I drain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.


My Muse, too, when her wings are dry
No frolic flight will take ;
But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
Then if the nymph will have her share
Before she'll bless her swain—
Why, that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

In life I've rung all changes too,—
Run every pleasure down,—
Tried all extremes of fancy through,
And lived with half the town;
For me there's nothing new or rare,
Till wine deceives my brain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine, awhile, drives off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again. ,

Then, hipped and vexed at England's state
In these convulsive days,
I can't endure the ruined fate
My sober eye surveys;
But, 'midst the bottle's dazzling glare,
I see the gloom less plain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

I find too when I stint my glass,
And sit with sober air,
I'm prosed by some dull reasoning ass,
Who treads the path of care;



Or, harder taxed, I'm forced to bear
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

Nay, don't we see Love's fetters, too,
With different holds entwine?
While nought but death can some undo,
There's some give way to wine;
With me the lighter head I wear,
The lighter hangs the chain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,
At what I most repine;
This cursed war, or right or wrong,
Is war against all wine;
Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare
As juice of France or Spain—
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.

CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS
(1745-1838).

156

THREE MEN OF GOTHAM

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.—
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be.—
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charmed bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.—
And your ballast is old wine.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785-1866).

157

THREE TIMES THREE

IN his last binn Sir Peter lies,
Who knew not what it was to frown :
Death took him mellow, by surprise,
And in his cellar stopped him down.
Thro' all our land we could not boast
A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
To rise and fill a bumper toast,
And pass it round with three times three.

None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep mirth's boat in better trim ;
For nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.
The meanest guest that graced his board
Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when Peter poured,
And passed it round with three times three.

He kept at true good humour's mark
The social flow of pleasure's tide :
He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell :
More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
For funeral song and passing bell,
To hear no sound but three times three.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

158

THE GHOSTS

IN life three ghostly friars were we,
And now three friarly ghosts we be.

Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats :

With wine that none but ghosts can taste,
We wash our unsubstantial throats.

Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—
three merry ghosts are we :

Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good
sport

To be laid in that Red Sea!

With songs that jovial spectres chaunt,
Our old refectory still we haunt.

The traveller hears our midnight mirth :
“O list!” he cries, “the haunted choir!

The merriest ghost that walks the earth,
Is sure the ghost of a ghostly friar.”

Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—
three merry ghosts are we :

Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good
sport

To be laid in that Red Sea!

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

159

GLUGGITY GLUG

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,
And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
He mounted his horse one night at the door,
And sat with his face to the crupper;
“Some rogue,” quoth the friar, “quite dead to
remorse,

Some thief whom a halter will throttle—
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my
horse,

While I was engaged with my bottle;
Which goes—Gluggity, gluggity, glug.”

The steed had his tail pointed south on the
dale,

’Twas the friar’s road home straight and
level;

But when spurred a horse follows his nose—not
his tail,

So he scampered due north like the Devil!
“This new mode of docking,” the fat friar said,
“I perceive does not make a horse trot ill;
And ’tis cheap, for he never can eat off his
head—

While I am engaged with my bottle;
Which goes—Gluggity, gluggity, glug.”


The steed made a stop, to a pond he had got—
He was rather for drinking than grazing;
Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange, headless horses
should trot,
But to drink with their tails is amazing!"
Turning round to find whence this phenomenon
rose,
In the pond fell this son of a pottle.
Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under
the nose—
I wish I was over the bottle;
Which goes—Gluggity, gluggity, glug."

160

COME, TOOM THE STOUP

COME, toom the stoup! let the merry sun shine
On sculptured cups and the rich man's wine;
Come, toom the stoup! from the bearded bere
And the heart of corn, comes our life-drink dear.
The reap-hook, the sheaf, and the flail for me;
Away with the drink of the slave's vine tree!
The spirit of malt, so free and so frank,
Is my minted money and bonds in the bank.

Come, toom up the stoup! what must be, must;
I'm cauld and cankered and dry as dust;
A simmering stoup of this glorious weat
Gives soaring plumes to time's leaden feet;



Let yon stately madam, so mim and so shy,
Arch her white neck proud, and sail prouder by;
The spirit of malt, so frank and so free,
Is daintier than midnight madam to me.

Drink fills us with joy and gladness, and soon
Hangs cankered care on the horns of the moon;
Is bed and bedding; and love and mirth
Dip their wings in drink ere they mount from
the earth.

Come, toom the stoup! it's delightful to see
The world run round, like to whomel on me;
And yon bonny bright star—by my sooth it's a
shiner,
Ilka drop that I drink it seems glowing diviner.

Away with your lordships of mosses and mools,
With your women, the plague and the play-
thing of fools!

Away with your crowns and your sceptres and
mitres!

Lay the parson's back bare to the rod of the
smiters:

For wisdom wastes time, and reflection is folly,
Let learning descend to the score and the tally.
Lo! the floor's running round, the roof's swim-
ming in glory,
And I have but breath for to finish my story!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784-1842).

161

NOT a sou had he got,—not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the Landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the Club returning;
We twigged the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dew,
Reclined in the gutter we found him;
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

“The Doctor’s as drunk as the Devil,” we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that
his head
Would “consumedly ache” on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda water.

Loudly they talked of his money that’s gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
’Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock!" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM (1788-1845).

162

THE LAST LAMP OF THE ALLEY

THE last lamp of the alley
Is burning alone!
All its brilliant companions
Are shivered and gone.
No lamp of her kindred,
No burner is nigh,
To rival her glimmer,
Or light to supply.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To vanish in smoke!
As the bright ones are shattered,
Thou too shalt be broke.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy globe o'er the street,
Where the watch in his rambles
Thy fragments shall meet.

Then home will I stagger
As well as I may ;
By the light of my nose sure
I'll find out the way.
When thy blaze is extinguished,
Thy brilliancy gone,
Oh! my beak shall illumine
The alley alone.

WILLIAM MAGINN (1793-1842).

163

INISHOWEN

I CARE not a fig for a flagon of flip,
Or a whistling can of rumbo ;
But my tongue through whisky-punch will slip
As nimble as Hurlothrumbo.
So put the spirits on the board,
And give the lemons a squeezer,
And we'll mix a jorum, by the Lord!
That will make your worship sneeze, sir.

The French, no doubt, are famous souls,
I love them for their brandy ;
In rum and sweet tobacco-rolls
Jamaica men are handy.
The big-breeched Dutch in juniper gin,
I own, are very knowing ;
But are rum, gin, brandy worth a pin
Compared with Inishowen?

Though here with a lord 'tis jolly and fine
To tumble down Lachryma Christi,
And over a skin of Italy's wine
To get a little misty;
Yet not the blood of the Bordeaux grape,
The finest grape-juice going,
Nor clammy Constantia, the pride of the Cape,
Prefer I to Inishowen.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

164

DRINK

WHEN Panurge and his fellows, as Rab'lais
will tell us,
Set out on a sail to the ends of the earth,
And jollily cruising, carousing, and boosing,
To the oracle came in a full tide of mirth;
Pray, what was its answer? Come, tell if you
can, sir:
'Twas an answer most splendid and sage, as I
think;
For sans any delaying, it's summed up by
saying:
The whole duty of man is one syllable—
“*DRINK!*”

O bottle mirific! Advice beatific!
A response more celestial sure never was known;
I speak for myself, I prefer it to Delphi,
Though Apollo himself on that rock fixed his
throne.

The foplings of fashion may still talk their
 trash on,
 And declare that the custom of toping should
 sink;
 A fig for such asses, I stick to my glasses,
 And swear that no fashion shall stint me in
 drink!

And now in full measure I toast you with
 pleasure,
 The warrior—*

The poet—†

The statesman—‡

And sage;§

Whose benign constellation illumines the nation,
 And sheds lively lustre all over the age;
 Long, long may its brightness, in glory and
 lightness,
 Shine clear as the day-star on morning's sweet
 brink!
 May their sway ne'er diminish! And therefore
 I finish,
 By proposing the health of the four whom I
 drink.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

* Ensign Odoherly, *i.e.* Maginn himself.

† Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

‡ Timothy Tickler, *i.e.* Robert Sym.

§ Christopher North, *i.e.* Professor John Wilson.

165

SONG OF A FALLEN ANGEL OVER A
BOWL OF RUM-PUNCH

By T. M., Esq.

HEAP on more coal there,
And keep the glass moving,
The frost nips my nose,
Though my heart glows with loving.
Here's the dear creature,
No skylights—a bumper;
He who leaves heeltaps
I vote him a mumper.
With hey cow rumble O,
Whack! populorum,
Merrily, merry men,
Push round the jorum.

What are Heaven's pleasures
That so very sweet are?
Singing from psalters,
In long or short metre.
Planked on a wet cloud
Without any breeches,
Just like the Celtic,
Met to make speeches.
With hey cow rumble O, etc.

Wide is the difference,
My own boosing bullies,
Here the round punch-bowl
Heaped to the full is.
Then if some wise one
Thinks that up "yonder"
Is pleasant as we are,
Why—he's in a blunder.
With hey cow rumble O, etc.

JOHN WILSON (1785-1854).

166

THE MODERN NECTAR

ONE day, as Bacchus wandered out
From his own gay and glorious heaven,
To see what mortals were about
Below, 'twixt six o'clock and seven,
And laugh at all the toils and tears,
The sudden hopes, the causeless fears,
The midnight songs, the morning smarts,
The aching heads, the breaking hearts,
Which he and his fair crony Venus
Within the month had sown between us;
He lighted by chance on a fiddling fellow
Who never was known to be less than mellow,
A wandering poet, who thought it his duty
To feed upon nothing but bowls and beauty,

Who worshipped a rhyme, and detested a
quarrel,
And cared not a single straw for laurel,
Holding that grief was sobriety's daughter,
And loathing critics, and cold water.

Ere day on the Gog-Magog hills had fainted,
The god and the minstrel were quite ac-
quainted;

Beneath a tree, in the sunny weather,
They sat them down and drank together:
They drank of all fluids that ever were poured
By an English lout, or a German lord;
Rum and shrub, and brandy and gin,
One after another, they stowed them in,
Claret of Carbonell, porter of Meux,
Champagne which would waken a wit in
dukes,

Humble Port and proud Tokay,
Persico and Crème de Thé,
The blundering Irishman's Usquebaugh,
The fiery Welshman's Cwrw da;
And after toasting various names
Of mortal and immortal flames,
And whispering more than I or you know
Of Mistress Poll and Mistress Juno,
The god departed, scarcely knowing
A Zephyr's from a nose's blowing,
A frigate from a pewter flagon,
Or Thespis from his own stage waggon;
And, rolling about like a barrel of grog,
He went up to heaven as drunk as a hog!

"Now may I," he lisped, "for ever sit
In Lethe's darkest and deepest pit,
Where dulness everlasting reigns
O'er the quiet pulse and the drowsy brains,
Where ladies jest, and lovers laugh,
And noble lords are bound in calf,
And Zoilus for his sins rehearses
Old Bentham's prose, old Wordsworth's verses,
If I have not found a richer draught
Than ever yet Olympus quaffed,
Better and brighter and dearer far
Than the golden sands of Pactolus are!"

And then he filled in triumph up,
To the highest top sparkle, Jove's beaming
cup,
And pulling up his silver hose,
And turning in his tottering toes,
(While Hebe, as usual, the mischievous gipsy,
Was laughing to see her brother tipsy),
He said—"May it please your high Divinity,
This nectar is—Milk Punch at Trinity!"

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED
(1802-1839).

167

OLD WINE

It was my father's wine,—alas!
It was his chiefest bliss
To fill an old friend's evening glass
With nectar such as this.
I think I have as warm a heart,
As kind a friend as he;
Another bumper ere we part:
Old wine, old wine for me!

In this we toasted William Pitt,
Whom twenty now outshine;
O'er this we laughed at Canning's wit,
Ere Hume's was thought as fine;
In this "The King"—"The Church"—"The
Laws"
Have had their three times three;
Sound wine befits as sound a cause;
Old wine, old wine for me!

In this, when France in those long wars
Was beaten black and blue,
We used to drink our troops and tars,
Our Wellesley and Pellew;
Now things are changed, though Britain's fame
May out of fashion be,
At least my wine remains the same:
Old wine, old wine for me!

My neighbours, Robinson and Lamb,
 Drink French of last year's growth;
I'm sure, however they may sham,
 It disagrees with both.
I don't pretend to interfere;
 An Englishman is free;
But none of that cheap poison here:
 Old wine, old wine for me!

Some dozens lose, I must allow,
 Something of strength and hue;
And there are vacant spaces now
 To be filled up with new;
And there are cobwebs round the bins,
 Which some don't like to see;
If these are all my cellar's sins,
 Old wine, old wine for me!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

168

POTTEEN, GOOD LUCK TO YE, DEAR

Av I was a monarch in state,
 Like Romulus or Julius Caysar,
With the best of fine victuals to eat,
 And drink like great Nebuchadnezzar,
A rasher of bacon I'd have,
 And potatoes the finest was seen, sir;
And for drink, it's no claret I'd crave,
 But a keg of ould Mullens' potteen, sir,
 With the smell of the smoke on it still.

They talk of the Romans of ould,
Whom they say in their own times was
frisky;
But, trust me, to keep out the cowl—
The Romans at home here like whisky.
Sure, it warms both the head and the heart,
It's the soul of all readin' and writin';
It teaches both science and art,
And disposes for love or for fightin':
Oh, potteen, good luck to ye, dear!

CHARLES LEVER (1806-1872).

169

It's little for glory I care;
Sure, ambition is only a fable:
I'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,
With lashings of drink on the table.
I like to lie down in the sun
And drame when my faytures is scorchin',
That when I'm too ould for more fun,
Why, I'll marry a wife with a fortune.
And, in winter, with bacon and eggs,
And a place at the turf fire basking,
Sip my punch as I roasted my legs,
Oh! the devil a more I'd be asking.
For I haven't a janius for work,—
It was never the gift of the Bradies,—
But I'd make a most illigant Turk,
For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.

CHARLES LEVER.

170

SAINT GILES'S BOWL

WHERE Saint Giles's Church stands, once a
lazar-house stood;
And, chained to its gates, was a vessel of
wood;
A broad-bottomed bowl, from which all the
fine fellows,
Who passed by that spot on their way to the
gallows,

*Might tipple strong beer
Their spirits to cheer,
And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear!
For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles,
So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint
Giles!*

By many a highwayman many a draught
Of nutty-brown ale at Saint Giles's was quaft,
Until the old lazarus-house chanced to fall down,
And the broad-bottomed bowl was removed to
the Crown,

*Where the robber may cheer
His spirits with beer,
And drown in a sea of good liquor all fear!
For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles,
So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint
Giles!*

There Mulsack and Swiftneck, both prigs from
their birth,
Old Mob and Tom Cox took their last draught
on earth:

There Randal, and Shorter, and Whitney
pulled up,
And jolly Jack Joyce drank his finishing cup!

For a can of ale calms

A highwayman's qualms,

*And makes him sing blithely his dolorous
psalms!*

*For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles,
So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint
Giles!*

When gallant Jack Sheppard to Tyburn was
led,

“Stop the cart at the Crown—stop a moment,”
he said;

He was offered the Bowl, but he left it and
smiled,

Crying, “Keep it till called for by Jonathan
Wild!

The rascal one day

Will pass by this way,

*And drink a full measure to moisten his
clay!*

*And never will Bowl of Saint Giles have
beguiled*

*Such a thorough-paced scoundrel as Jonathan
Wild!”*

Should it e'er be *my* lot to ride backwards that
 way,
 At the door of the Crown I will certainly stay;
 I'll summon the landlord—I'll call for the Bowl,
 And drink a deep draught for the health of my
 soul!

*Whatever may hap,
 I'll taste of the tap,
 To keep up my spirits when brought to the
 crap!
 For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles,
 So well as a draught from the Bowl of Saint
 Giles!*

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH (1805-1882).

171

JOLLY NOSE

JOLLY nose! the bright rubies that garnish thy
 tip

Are dug from the mines of Canary;
 And to keep up their lustre I moisten my lip
 With hogsheads of claret and sherry.

Jolly nose! he who sees thee across a broad
 glass

Beholds thee in all thy perfection;
 And to the pale snout of a temperate ass
 Entertains the profoundest objection.

For a big-bellied glass is the palette I use,
And the choicest of wine is my colour;
And I find that my nose takes the mellowest
hues
The fuller I fill it—the fuller!

Jolly nose! there are fools who say drink hurts
the sight;
Such dullards know nothing about it.
'Tis better, with wine, to extinguish the light,
Than live always in darkness without it!

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

172

THE MAHOGANY TREE

CHRISTMAS is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:

Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea:
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
(1811-1863).

173

FRIAR'S SONG

SOME love the matin-chimes, which tell
The hour of prayer to sinner:
But better far's the mid-day bell,
Which speaks the hour of dinner;
For when I see a smoking fish,
Or capon drowned in gravy,
Or noble haunch on silver dish,
Full glad I sing my Ave.

My pulpit is an alehouse bench,
Whereon I sit so jolly;
A smiling rosy country wench
My saint and patron holy.
I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,
I press her ringlets wavy,
And in her willing ear I speak
A most religious Ave.

And if I'm blind, yet Heaven is kind,
And holy saints forgiving;
For sure he leads a right good life
Who thus admires good living.
Above, they say, our flesh is air,
Our blood celestial ichor:
Oh, grant! 'mid all the changes there,
They may not change our liquor!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

174

COMMANDERS OF THE FAITHFUL

THE Pope he is a happy man,
His palace is the Vatican,
And there he sits and drains his can:
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

And then there's Sultan Saladin,
 That Turkish Soldan full of sin;
 He has a hundred wives at least,
 By which his pleasure is increased:
 I've often wished, I hope no sin,
 That I were Sultan Saladin.

But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
 And so I would not wear his shoes;
 No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
 And so I'd rather not be him:
 My wife, my wine, I love, I hope,
 And would be neither Turk nor Pope.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

175

I'M VERY FOND OF WATER

A NEW TEMPERANCE SONG

(Adapted from the Platt Deutsch)

Ἀρωστον μὲν ὕδωρ

I'm very fond of water,
 I drink it noon and night:
 Not Rechab's son or daughter
 Had therein more delight.

I breakfast on it daily;
 And nectar it doth seem,
 When once I've mixed it gaily
 With sugar and with cream.

But I forgot to mention
That in it first I see
Infused or in suspension,
Good Mocha or Bohea.

Chorus—

I'm very fond of water,
I drink it noon and night;
No mother's son or daughter
Hath therein more delight.

At luncheon, too, I drink it,
And strength it seems to bring:
When really good, I think it
A liquor for a king.
But I forgot to mention—
'Tis best to be sincere—
I use an old invention
That makes it into Beer.
I'm very fond of water, etc.

I drink it, too, at dinner;
I quaff it full and free,
And find, as I'm a sinner,
It does not disagree.
But I forgot to mention—
As thus I drink and dine,
To obviate distension,
I join some Sherry wine.
I'm very fond of water, etc.

And then when dinner's over,
And business far away,
I feel myself in clover,
And sip my *eau sucrée*.
But I forgot to mention—
To give the glass a smack,
I add, with due attention,
Glenlivet or Cognac.
I'm very fond of water, etc.

At last when evening closes,
With something nice to eat,
The best of sleeping doses
In water still I meet.
But I forgot to mention—
I think it not a sin
To cheer the day's declension,
By pouring in some Gin.
I'm very fond of water :
It ever must delight
Each mother's son or daughter—
When qualified aright.

LORD NEAVES (1800-1876).

176

THE DIRGE OF THE DRINKER

BROTHERS, spare awhile your liquor, lay your
final tumbler down;
He has dropp'd—that star of honour—on the
field of his renown!
Raise the wail, but raise it softly, lowly bending
on your knees,
If you find it more convenient, you may hiccup
if you please.
Sons of Pantagruel, gently let your hip-hurra-
ing sink,
Be your manly accents clouded, half with
sorrow, half with drink!
Lightly to the sofa pillow lift his head from off
the floor;
See, how calm he sleeps, unconscious as the
deadeast nail in door!
Widely o'er the earth I've wander'd; where
the drink most freely flow'd,
I have ever reel'd the foremost, foremost to the
beaker strode.
Deep in shady Cider Cellars I have dream'd
o'er heavy wet,
By the fountains of Damascus I have quaff'd
the rich sherbet,

Regal Montepulciano drain'd beneath its native
rock,
On Johannis' sunny mountain frequent hiccup'd
o'er my hock ;
I have bathed in butts of Xeres deeper than
did e'er Monsoon,
Sangaree'd with bearded Tartars in the Moun-
tains of the Moon ;
In beer-swilling Copenhagen I have drunk
your Danesman blind,
I have kept my feet in Jena, when each bursch
to earth declined ;
Glass for glass, in fierce Jamaica, I have shared
the planter's rum,
Drunk with Highland dhuiné-wassails, till each
gibbering Gael grew dumb ;
But a stouter, bolder drinker—one that loved
his liquor more—
Never yet did I encounter than our friend upon
the floor !
Yet the best of us are mortal, we to weakness
all are heir,
He has fallen, who rarely stagger'd—let the
rest of us beware !
We shall leave him as we found him,—lying
where his manhood fell,
'Mong the trophies of the revel, for he took
his tipples well.
Better 'twere we loosed his neckcloth, laid his
throat and bosom bare,
Pull'd his Hobies off, and turn'd his toes to
taste the breezy air,

Throw the sofa-cover o'er him, dim the flaring
of the gas,
Calmly, calmly, let him slumber, and, as by
the bar we pass,
We shall bid that thoughtful waiter place be-
side him, near and handy,
Large supplies of soda-water, tumblers bottom'd
well with brandy,
So when waking, he shall drain them, with
that deathless thirst of his,—
Clinging to the hand that smote him, like a
good 'un as he is!

“BON GAULTIER.”

177

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of
good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry
Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest,
brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this
old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar; so runs the
ancient tale;
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose
arm was like a flail;

And now and then between the strokes, for fear
his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good
old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please
his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing
for the same ;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig
was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and
handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a
Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little
wine,
But hated punch and prelacy ; and so it was,
perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles
and schnaps.


And then, of course, you know what's next,—it
left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came,—a
hundred souls and more,—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new
abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a
hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was
closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl, and
filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset
with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged
about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that
never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped
his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers—the men that
fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not
a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the scream-
ing eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the
soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he
taught to kith and kin,
“Run from the white man when you find he
smells of Hollands gin!”

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread
their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little
cherub's nose,



When once again the bowl was filled, but not
in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her
parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good,—
poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the
midnight air;
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould
keep away the chill."
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that
night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good
old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its
symbol here;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a
drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver
bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet
fragrant flowers,—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy
on its towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes
grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced
around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it
 straight to me ;
 The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the
 liquid be ;
 And may the cherubs on its face protect me from
 the sin,
 That dooms me to those dreadful words,—“ My
 dear, where *have* you been ? ”

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894).

178

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING

With slight Alterations by a Teetotaller

COME ! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go
 While the nectar still reddens our cups as they
 ^{logwood}
 flow ?
 Pour out the rich ^{decoction} juices still bright with the sun,
 ^{dye-stuff}
 Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall
 run.
 The purple-globed ^{half-ripened apples} clusters their life-dews have
 bled ;
 How sweet is the ^{taste} breath of the ^{sugar of lead} fragrance they
 shed !
 For summer's last roses lie hid in the ^{rank poisons} wines !!!
 That were garnered by ^{stable-boys smoking} maidens who laughed
 ^{long-nines}
 thro' the vines.

Then a ^{scowl} smile, and a ^{howl} glass, and a ^{scoff} toast, and a
^{sneer} cheer,
 strychnine and whisky, and ratsbane and beer
 For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!
 In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
 Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!
 Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

179

THE PORT OF REFUGE

OUT of the grog-shop, I've stepped in the street.
 Road, what's the matter? you're loose on your
 feet;

Staggering, swaggering, reeling about,
 Road, you're in liquor, past question or doubt.

Gas-lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please.
 What the deuce ails you? you're weak in the
 knees:

Some on your heads—in the gutter, some sunk—
 Gas-lamps, I see it, you're all of you drunk.

Angels and ministers! look at the moon—
 Shining up there like a paper balloon,
 Winking like mad at me: Moon, I'm afraid—
 Now I'm convinced—Oh! you tipsy old jade.

Here's a phenomenon : look at the stars—
 Jupiter, Ceres, Uranus and Mars,
 Dancing quadrilles, capered, shuffled, and hopped.
 Heavenly bodies! this ought to be stopped.

Down come the houses! each drunk as a king—
 Can't say I fancy much this sort of thing;
 Inside the bar, it was safe and all right,
 I shall go back there, and stop for the night.

H. VON MÜHLER (1813-1874),
 Trans. by R. B. Brough (1828-1860).


180

WEIN GEIST

I STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,
 Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
 Und I rooshed along de strassen,
 Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,
 I doomplet de soper folk;
 Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,
 Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
 Like a vild coose on de vings,
 Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',
 Und giss her like efery dings.



Und denn mit an board und a parell,
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbours shkreem "deat'!" und
"murder!"
Und holler aloudt "bolice!"

Und vhen der crim night waechter
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oomberella,
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,
De hearts-leaf linden dree;
Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe
Dat vent like de vind from me.
Und I voonders in mein dipsyhood,
If a damsel or dream vas she!

Dis life is all a lindens
Mit holes dat show de plue,
Und pedween de finite pranches
Cooms Himmel-light shinin' troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,
Und efery leaf ish a fay,
Und dey wait dill de windsbraut comet',
To pear dem in Fall away.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rifer,
Vhere a stein ish of harpe form,
—Jahrtausand in, oud, it standet'—
Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here, vonce on a dimes, a vitches
Soom melodies here peginned,
De harpe ward all zu steine,
Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-gation,
Vitch hardens de outer Me;
Ueber stein und schwein, de weine
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet',
Ober stein und wein und svines,
Dill it endeth vhere all peginned',
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
In the dipsey, treamless sloomper
Vhich unites the Nichts und Seins.

Und im Mondenlicht it moormoors,
Und it burns by waken wein,
In Mädchenlieb or Schnapsenrausch
Das Absolut ist dein.

“HANS BREITMANN”—CHARLES GODFREY LELAND
(1824-1903).

181

IN PORT

HAPPY the man who is safe in his haven,
And has left far behind the sea and its sorrows,
And now so warm and calmly sits
In the cosy Town-Cellar of Bremen.

Oh, how the world so home-like and sweetly
In the wine-cup again is mirrored,
And how the wavering *microcosmos*
Sunnily flows through the thirstiest heart!
All things I see in the glass,—
Ancient and modern histories by myriads,
Grecian and Ottoman, Hegel and Gans,
Forests of citron, and watches patrolling,
Berlin, and Schilda, and Tunis, and Hamburg,
But above all the form of the loved one,
An angel's head on a Rhine-wine-gold ground.

Oh, how fair ! how fair art thou, beloved !
Thou art as fair as roses !
Not like the roses of Shiraz,
The brides of the nightingale, sung by old
Hafiz !
Not like the rose of Sharon,
Holily blushing and hallowed by prophets ;
Thou art like the Rose in the cellar of Bremen !
That is the Rose of Roses :

The older she grows, the sweeter she blossoms,
And her heavenly perfume has made me happy,
It has inspired me,—has made me tipsy;
And were I not held by the shoulder fast
By the Town-Cellar Master of Bremen,
I had gone rolling over !

The noble soul ! we sat there together,
And drank, too, like brothers,
Discoursing of lofty, mysterious matters,
Sighing and sinking in solemn embraces.
He made me a convert to Love's holy doctrine;
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemy,
And I forgave the worst of all poets,
As I myself some day shall be forgiven;
Till, piously weeping, before me
Silently opened the gates of redemption,
Where the twelve Apostles—the holy barrels—
Preach in silence, and yet so distinctly,
Unto all nations.

Those are the fellows !
Invisible outward in sound oaken garments,
Yet they within are more lovely and radiant
Than all the proudest priests of the Temple,
And the lifeguardsmen and courtiers of Herod,
Glittering in gold and arrayed in rich purple;—
Still I have ever maintained
That not amid common, vulgar people,
No, but in the *élite* of society,
Constantly lived the monarch of heaven.

Hallelujah! How sweetly wave round me
The palm-trees of Beth-El!
How sweet breathe the myrrh-shrubs of Hebron!
How Jordan ripples and tumbles with gladness,
And my own immortal spirit tumbleth,
And I tumble with it, and, tumbling,
I'm helped up the stairway into broad daylight,
By the brave Council-Cellar Master of Bremen!

Thou brave Council-Cellar Master of Bremen!
Seest thou upon the roofs of the houses sitting
The angels?—and they are all tipsy and singing;
The radiant sun, too, yonder in heaven,
Is only a crimson, wine-coloured proboscis,
Which the World-Soul protrudeth,
And round the red nose of the World-Soul
Goes whirling the whole of the tipsified world.

HEINRICH HEINE (1799–1856)
(Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland).

182

QUATRAINS FROM OMAR KHAYYÂM

AH, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of
Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for
whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans
End!

* * * * *

Ah, fill the Cup:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make
haste!

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?

Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

You know, my Friends, how long since in my
House

For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though *with* Rule
and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *without*, I could define,
I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel
Shape

Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883).

183

GIVE A ROUSE

I

KING CHARLES, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!

II

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

Chorus—

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

Chorus—

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

184

IN childhood's unsuspecting hours
The fairies crowned my head with flowers.

Youth came: I lay at Beauty's feet;
She smiled and said my song was sweet.

Then age: and, Love no longer mine,
My brows I shaded with the vine,

With flowers and love and wine and song,
O Death! life hath not been too long.

W. J. LINTON (1812-1898).

185

ROSY WINE

My Mistress' frowns are hard to bear,
And yet I will not quite despair;
Nor think, because her lips I leave,
There's nothing for me but to grieve.
—The goblet's lip awaiteth mine:
My grief I quench in rosy wine.

Dame Fortune too has faithless gone:
But let her go! I will not moan.
Draw in your chair, old Friend! and see
What rating Fortune has from me.
Clink yet again your glass with mine,—
To Fortune's health, in rosy wine!

Pass, Fortune ! pass, thou fickle jade !
 One fortunately constant maid
 Smiles on me yet ; though loves depart,
 Her presence gladdeneth my heart,
 Thy tendrils cling, O loving Vine !
 My griefs I quench in rosy wine.

W. J. LINTON.

186

BEER

1814

In those old days which poets say were golden—
 (Perhaps they laid the gilding on themselves :
 And, if they did, I'm all the more beholden
 To those brown dwellers in my dusty shelves,
 Who talk to me "in language quaint and olden"
 Of gods and demigods and fauns and elves,
 Pan with his pipes, and Bacchus with his
 leopards,
 And staid young goddesses who flirt with
 shepherds :)

In those old days, the Nymph called Etiquette
 (Appalling thought to dwell on) was not born.
 They had their May, but no Mayfair as yet,
 No fashions varying as the hues of morn.
 Just as they pleased they dressed and drank
 and ate,
 Sang hymns to Ceres (their John Barleycorn)
 And danced unchaperoned, and laughed un-
 checked,
 And were no doubt extremely incorrect.

Yet do I think their theory was pleasant:
And oft, I own, my "wayward fancy roams"
Back to those times, so different from the present;
When no one smoked cigars, nor gave At-
homes,
Nor smote a billiard-ball, nor winged a pheasant,
Nor "did" her hair by means of long-tailed
combs,
Nor migrated to Brighton once a year,
Nor—most astonishing of all—drank Beer.

No, they did not drink Beer, "which brings
me to"

(As Gilpin said) "the middle of my song,"
Not that "the middle" is precisely true,
Or else I should not tax your patience long:
If I had said "beginning," it might do;
But I have a dislike to quoting wrong:
I was unlucky—sinned against, not sinning—
When Cowper wrote down "middle" for
"beginning."

So to proceed. That abstinence from Malt
Has always struck me as extremely curious.
The Greek mind must have had some vital
fault,
That they should stick to liquors so in-
jurious—
(Wine, water, tempered p'raps with Attic salt)—
And not at once invent that mild, luxurious,
And artful beverage, Beer. How the digestion
Got on without it, is a startling question.

Had they digestions? and an actual body
Such as dyspepsia might make attacks on?
Were they abstract ideas—(like Tom Noddy
And Mr. Briggs)—or men, like Jones and
Jackson?

Then nectar—was that beer, or whisky-toddy?
Some say the Gaelic mixture, *I* the Saxon:
I think a strict adherence to the latter
Might make some Scots less pigheaded, and
fatter.

Besides, Bon Gaultier definitely shows
That the real beverage for feasting gods on
Is a soft compound, grateful to the nose
And also to the palate, known as “Hodg-
son.”

I know a man—a tailor’s son—who rose
To be a peer: and this I would lay odds on,
(Though in his Memoirs it may not appear,)
That that man owed his rise to copious Beer.

O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass!
Names that should be on every infant’s tongue!
Shall days and months and years and centuries
pass,
And still your merits be unrecked, unsung?
Oh! I have gazed into my foaming glass,
And wished that lyre could yet again be
strung
Which once rang prophet-like through Greece,
and taught her
Misguided sons that the best drink was water.

How would he now recant that wild opinion,
And sing—as would that I could sing—of
you!

I was not born (alas!) the “Muses’ minion,”

I’m not poetical, not even blue:

And he, we know, but strives with waxen
pinion,

Whoe’er he is that entertains the view
Of emulating Pindar, and will be
Sponsor at last to some now nameless sea.

Oh! when the green slopes of Arcadia burned
With all the lustre of the dying day,
And on Cithæron’s brow the reaper turned,
(Humming, of course, in his delightful way,
How Lycidas was dead, and how concerned
The Nymphs were when they saw his lifeless
clay;

And how rock told to rock the dreadful story
That poor young Lycidas was gone to glory:)

What would that lone and labouring soul have
given,

At that soft moment for a pewter pot!

How had the mists that dimmed his eye been
riven,

And Lycidas and sorrow all forgot!

If his own grandmother had died unshriven,

In two short seconds he’d have recked it not;
Such power hath Beer. The heart which Grief
hath canker’d

Hath one unfailing remedy—the Tankard.

Coffee is good, and so no doubt is cocoa ;
Tea did for Johnson and the Chinamen :
When "Dulce est desipere in loco"
Was written, real Falernian winged the
pen.


When a rapt audience has encored "Fra Poco"
Or "Casta Diva," I have heard that then
The Prima Donna, smiling herself out,
Recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout.

But what is coffee, but a noxious berry,
Born to keep used-up Londoners awake?
What is Falernian, what is Port or Sherry,
But vile concoctions to make dull heads
ache?

Nay stout itself—(though good with oysters,
very)—
Is not a thing your reading man should
take.

He that would shine, and petrify his tutor,
Should drink draught Allsopp in its "native
pewter."

But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
O blessed Bell! Thou bringest beef and beer,
Thou bringest good things more than tongue
may tell:
Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food.



I go. Untaught and feeble is my pen :
But on one statement I may safely venture :
That few of our most highly gifted men
Have more appreciation of the trencher.
I go. One pound of British beef, and then
What Mr. Swiveller called "a modest quen-
cher";
That home-returning, I may "soothly say,"
"Fate cannot touch me: I have dined to-day."

C. S. CALVERLEY (1831-1884).

187

CIGARS AND BEER

HERE
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit.
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by;
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit idly sipping here
My beer.

Oh, finer far
Than fame or riches are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this cigar!
 Why
 Should I
 Weep, wail, or sigh?
 What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead,
My pleasures fled?
 Have I not still
 My fill
Of right good cheer,—
Cigars and beer?

Go, whining youth,
Forsooth!
 Go, weep and wail,
 Sigh and grow pale,
 Weave melancholy rhymes
 On the old times,
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear,—
But leave me to my beer!
 Gold is dross,
 Love is loss;
So, if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown
 Without a cross!

GEORGE ARNOLD (d. 1865).

188

BRASENOSE ALE SONG

1876

Air—Men of Harlech.

MEN of Brasenose, good ale's streaming,
Brightly in your tankards gleaming,
Joints are on your tables steaming

On this jovial night.

Let the beverage golden
All your hearts embolden.

Drive away

Your cares this day,

By generous draughts upholden.

Let the beef and Prior's liquor

Make your merry blood flow quicker,

Coursing through your veins like ichor,

And your waistbands tight.

Beef and ale like this our yeomen

Ate and drank, those famous bowmen,

Who dealt death among our foemen

Fighting at Creci.

This ale may be trusted ;

"Curious port, old, crusted,"

If we knew

What's in the brew,

Would make us much disgusted.

Champagne often is gooseberry,
Fiery wine is Oxford sherry,
Claret cannot make one merry,
Harmless though it be.

Oft before my vision crosses
Spectral wise our gilt proboscis,
And I marvel what strange process
Made the gold appear.

Thus my song discloses
How to win gold noses,
Fairer much
Than colours such

As lilies have or roses.
'Twas an ancient Brasenose fellow
Who quaffed deep our liquor mellow,
Till his nose had blossomed yellow,
Golden as his beer.

Now that nose is made immortal,
Proudly fixt above our portal,
And its presence shall exhort all
To imbibe our beer.

And this symbol most rum
Is a sovereign nostrum :

'Twill procure
Us victory sure
By glittering on our rostrum ;
When the oars of Univ. shudder,
As the nose comes near their rudder,
Struggling past the Cherwell's flood, or
When our barge they near.

Ah! we must all soon or later
Leave the halls of *Alma mater*;
But wherever maid or waiter
 Draws us glass of beer,
Back let fancy wander
On the past to ponder,
 (Every day
 We stay away
Will make us all the fonder,)
Let each sacred tower and gable,
And our statue, Cain and Abel,
And Shrove Tuesday's well-spread table
 Rise to memory clear.

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

189

“TERENCE, this is stupid stuff:
You eat your victuals fast enough;
There can't be much amiss, 'tis clear,
To see the rate you drink your beer.
But oh, good Lord, the verse you make,
It gives a chap the belly-ache.
The cow, the old cow, she is dead;
It sleeps well, the horned head:
We poor lads, 'tis our turn now
To hear such tunes as killed the cow.
Pretty friendship 'tis to rhyme
Your friends to death betore their time,
Moping melancholy mad:
Come, pipe a tune to dance to, lad.”

R

Why, if 'tis dancing you would be,
There's brisker pipes than poetry.
Say, for what were hop yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent?
Oh, many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think:
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.
And faith, 'tis pleasant till 'tis past:
The mischief is that 'twill not last.
Oh, I have been to Ludlow fair
And left my necktie God knows where,
And carried half-way home, or near,
Pints and quarts of Ludlow beer:
Then the world seemed none so bad,
And I myself a sterling lad;
And down in lovely muck I've lain,
Happy till I woke again.
Then I saw the morning sky:
Heigho, the tale was all a lie;
The world, it was the old world yet,
I was I, my things were wet,
And nothing now remained to do
But begin the game anew.

Therefore since the world has still
Much good, but much less good than ill,
And while the sun and moon endure,
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,

I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good.
'Tis true the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it: if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour;
It should do good to heart and head
When your soul is in my soul's stead;
And I will friend you, if I may,
In the dark and cloudy day.

There was a king reigned in the East:
There, when kings will sit to feast,
They get their fill before they think
With poisoned meat and poisoned drink.
He gathered all that springs to birth
From the many-venomed earth;
First a little, thence to more,
He sampled all her killing store;
And easy, smiling, seasoned sound,
Sate the king when healths went round.
They put arsenic in his meat
And stared aghast to watch him eat;
They poured strychnine in his cup
And shook to see him drink it up:
They shook, they stared as white's their shirt;
Them it was their poison hurt.
—I tell the tale that I heard told.
Mithridates he died old.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

190

CROWN Winter with green,
And give him good drink
To physic his spleen
Or ever he think.

His mouth to the bowl,
His feet to the fire;
And let him, good soul,
No comfort desire.

So merry he be,
I bid him abide:
And merry be we
This good Yuletide.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

191

If you'd hear me sing,
Why give me a skin of wine.
Creatures have their several ways,
Edod! and I have mine.

Chorus—

And I have mine,
Edod! and I have mine.

If you'd see me fight,
Why let me taste good cheer,
Was not I as good as my word?
Edod! am I not here?

Chorus—

Am I not here?

ROBERT BRIDGES.

192

THE STOOP OF RHENISH

WHEN dogs in office frown you down,
And malice smirches your renown;
When fools and knaves your blunders twit,
And melancholy dries your wit;

Be no more dull

But polish and plenish

Your empty skull

With a stoop of Rhenish.

Drink by the card,

Drink by the score,

Drink by the yard,

Drink evermore!

When seamy sides begin to show,
And dimples into wrinkles grow;
When care comes in by hook or crook
And settles at your ingle-nook,

Never disdain
 To polish and plenish
Your rusty brain
 With a stoop of Rhenish.
Drink by the card,
 Drink by the score,
Drink by the yard,
 Drink evermore!

When hope gets up before the dawn,
And every goose appears a swan;
When time and tide, and chance and fate
Like lackeys on your wishes wait;
 Then fill the bowl,
 And polish and plenish
Your happy soul
 With a stoop of Rhenish.
Drink by the card,
 Drink by the score,
Drink by the yard,
 Drink evermore!

JOHN DAVIDSON.

193

RUM AND MILK

Now some may drink to ladies fine,
With painted cheeks and gowns of silk;
But we will drink to dairymaids,
In pocket-mugs of rum and milk!
O, 'tis up in the morning early,
When the dew is on the grass,
And St. John's bell rings for matins,
And St. Mary's rings for mass!

The merry skylarks soar and sing,
And seem to Heaven very near—
Who knows what blessed inns they see,
What holy drinking songs they hear?
O, 'tis up in the morning early,
When the dew is on the grass,
And St. John's bell rings for matins,
And St. Mary's rings for mass!

The mushrooms may be priceless pearls
A queen has lost beside the stream,
But rum is melted rubies when
It turns the milk to golden cream!
O, 'tis up in the morning early,
When the dew is on the grass,
And St. John's bell rings for matins,
And St. Mary's rings for mass!

C. W. DALMON.

194

THE ABSINTHE DRINKER

GENTLY I wave the visible world away.

Far off, I hear a roar, afar yet near,

Far off and strange, a voice is in my ear,
And is the voice my own? the words I say

Fall strangely, like a dream, across the day;

And the dim sunshine is a dream. How clear,

New as the world to lovers' eyes, appear
The men and women passing on their way!

The world is very fair. The hours are all

Linked in a dance of mere forgetfulness.

I am at peace with god and man. O glide,
Sands of the hour-glass that I count not, fall

Serenely: scarce I feel your soft caress,

Rocked on this dreamy and indifferent tide.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

195

A DRINKING SONG

FACES prim and starched and yellow
Ne'er would meet us in the street,
If with Bacchus, rare old fellow,
Folks would quaff the vintage sweet!
Round is he, and glowing scarlet
Shines upon his ample face;
Each who shirks his toast's a varlet
Fit for only frills and lace!
Here's a cup to luck,
Here's a cup to folly!
Here's a butt to drown the slut,
Tearful Melancholy!

If the skein of life be twisted,
Bacchus can the knot untie;
If Dame Fortune grow close-fisted
Bacchus knows to win her eye.
Oh, his mellow laugh and lusty,
And his nimble train of winks
Could unfreeze the desert-dusty,
Moping, monumental Sphinx!
Here's a cup to luck,
Here's a cup to folly!
Tap a butt to souse the slut,
Damp old Melancholy!

Would you sue to white-throat Rosa
Clink a glass with Bacchus first;
If it chance the maiden shows a
Black face, home and drown the worst!
What? a wench with wine to meddle?
Many will, though many pout;—
Love's a tinker—let him peddle
While we roar the flagon out!
Here's a cup to luck,
Here's a cup to folly!
Here's a butt to drench the slut,
Puling Melancholy!

NORMAN R. GALE.

196

THE KAVANAGH

A STONE jug and a pewter mug,
And a table set for three!
A jug and a mug at every place,
And a biscuit or two with Brie!
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And a cheese like crusted foam!
The Kavanagh receives to-night;
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And a health to the one away,
Who drifts down careless Italy,
God's wanderer and estray!

For friends are more than Arno's store
Of garnered charm, and he
Were blither with us here the night
Than Titian bids him be.

Throw ope the window to the stars,
And let the warm night in!
Who knows what revelry in Mars
May rhyme with rouse akin?
Fill up and drain the loving cup
And leave no drop to waste!
The moon looks in to see what's up—
Begad, she'd like a taste!

What odds if Leinster's kingly roll
Be now an idle thing?
The world is his who takes his toll,
A vagrant or a king.
What though the crown be melted down,
And the heir a gipsy roam?
The Kavanagh receives to-night!
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!
And the moonlight on the floor!
Who were a man to do with less?
What emperor has more?
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,
And three stout hearts to drain
A slanter to the truth in the heart of youth
And the joy of the love of men.

RICHARD HOVEY.

197

SUSSEX DRINKING SONG

THEY sell good beer at Haslemere
And under Guildford Hill;
At little Cowfold, as I've been told,
A beggar may drink his fill.
There is a good brew in Amberley too,
And by the Bridge also;
But the swipes they take in at the Washington
Inn
Is the very best beer I know.

With my here it goes, there it goes,
All the fun's before us.
The door's ajar and the barrel is sprung,
The tipples aboard and the night is young;
I am singing the best song ever was sung,
And it has a rousing chorus.

If I was what I never can be,
The Master or the Squire;
If you gave me the rape from here to the sea
Which is more than I desire:
Then all my crops should be barley and hops,
And did my harvest fail,
I'd sell every rood of my acres, I would,
For a bellyful of good ale.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

198

CAPTAIN STRATTON'S FANCY

Air—Masefield's Own.

OH some are fond of red wine, and some are
fond of white,
And some are all for courting by the pale moon-
light,
But rum alone's the tipples, and the heart's de-
light
Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine, and some
are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for
a wench,
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath
the bench,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are for the lily, and some are for the
rose,
But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica
grows.
For it's that that makes the bonny drink to
warm my copper nose,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of fiddles, and a song well
 sung,
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the
 tongue;
But mouths were made for tankards, and for
 sucking at the bung,
 Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of dancing, and some are fond
 of dice,
And some are all for red lips, and pretty lasses'
 eyes;
But a right Jamaica puncheon is a finer prize
 To the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some that's good and godly ones they say
 that it's a sin,
To troll the jolly bowl around, and let the dollars
 spin;
But I'm for toleration, and for drinking at an
 inn,
 Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are sad and wretched folk that go in
 silken suits,
And there's a mort of wicked knaves that live
 in good repute;
So I'm for drinking honestly, and dying in my
 boots,
 Like an old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

199

LET us be drunk, and for a while forget,
Forget, and, ceasing even from regret,
Live without reason and in spite of rhyme,
As in a dream preposterous and sublime,
Where place and hour and means for once are
met.

Where is the use of effort? Love and debt
And disappointment have us in a net.
Let us break out, and taste the morning's
prime . . .
Let us be drunk.

In vain our little hour we strut and fret,
And mouth our wretched parts as for a bet;
We cannot please the tragicaster Time.
To gain the crystal sphere, the silver clime,
Where Sympathy sits dimpling on us yet,
Let us be drunk!

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY
(1849-1903).

200

FILL a glass with golden wine,
And the while your lips are wet,
Set their perfume unto mine,
And forget
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.

Yet again! Your whim and mine
In a happy while have met.
All your sweets to me resign,
Nor regret
That we press with every breath,
Sighed or singing, nearer death.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

201

THERE is a wheel inside my head
Of wantonness and wine,
A cracked old fiddle is grunting without;
But the wind with scents of the sea is fed,
And the sun seems glad to shine.

The sun and the wind are akin to you,
As you are akin to June;
But the fiddle! . . . it giggles and buzzes
about,
And, love and laughter! who gave him the
cue?—
He's playing your favourite tune.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

202

THE Spirit of Wine
Sang in my glass, and I listened
With love to his odorous music,
His flushed and magnificent song.

—“ I am health, I am heart, I am life !
For I give for the asking
The fire of my father the sun,
And the strength of my mother the earth.
Inspiration in essence,
I am wisdom and wit to the wise,
His visible muse to the poet,
The soul of desire to the lover,
The genius of laughter to all.

“ Come, lean on me, ye that are weary,
Rise, ye faint-hearted and doubting,
Haste, ye that lag by the way !
I am pride, the consoler ;
Valour and hope are my henchmen ;
I am the angel of rest.

“ I am life, I am wealth, I am fame :
For I captain an army
Of shining and generous dreams ;
And mine, too, all mine, are the keys
Of that secret spiritual shrine,
Where, his work-a-day soul put by,
Shut in with his saint of saints—
With his radiant and conquering self !—
Man worships, and talks, and is glad.

“Come, sit with me, ye that are lonely,
Ye that are paid with disdain,
Ye that are chained, and would soar !
I am beauty and love ;
I am friendship, the comforter ;
I am that which forgives and forgets.”—

The Spirit of Wine
Sang in my heart, and I triumphed
In the savour and strength of his music,
His magnetic and mastering song.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

NOTES

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 1 1 "Walter de Mapes," says Camden, "who, in the time of King Henry the Second, filled England with his merriments, confessed his love to good liquor, with the causes, in this manner." Mapes's credit is nowadays questioned, however, the song being made up of lines 45-52, 61-76 of *Confessio Golia*, concerning the authorship of which there is considerable doubt. There are other translations than Hunt's, in one of which the last verse is thus freely rendered:—
- "Mysterious and prophetic truths
 I never could unfold 'em,
 Without a flagon of good wine,
 And a slice of cold ham."
- 3 4 Text from Cotton MS., Vespasian A. XXV., f. 133 *verso et seq.*, temp. Henry VIII. In this and in No. 4 from the same MS., I have retained the old spelling, which elsewhere throughout the book has been modernised. David's sentiments on "wine that maketh glad the heart of man" will be found in Psalm civ. 15.
- 4 8 From the Cotton MS., Vespasian A. XXV., temp. Henry VIII.
- 5 8 From a manuscript book, probably of the reign of Henry VI, printed by the Percy Society. In the same MS. are the words of a carol to be sung to the same tune.

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6 10 From *Misogonus*, a comedy described with copious extracts in his *History of Dramatic Poetry* (ii. 368 *et seq.*) by Payne Collier, who dates it 1560, from an allusion to the Insurrection of the North (1536) having occurred twenty-four years before. The authorship he attributes to a certain Thomas Rychardes who wrote the prologue. The first page, however, also bears the name Laurentius Bariwina, and the date "Ketteringe, Die 20 Novembris, Anno 1577." The only complete printed version of the play is included in Professor Alois Brandl's *Quellen des weltlichen Dramas in England vor Shakespeare* (Strassburg, 1898). The song given here was sung to the old tune of "Heart's-ease," for which Peter asks the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv. Sc. 5. *Lungis*—a dolt; Cotgrave picturesquely defines as "a tall and dull slangam, that hath no making to his height, nor wit to his making."

7 12 This is the song—sung to the tune of "John Dory"—as it appears in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, formerly attributed to Bishop John Still, sometimes to John Bridges, Bishop of Oxford. In his preface to the play in *Representative English Comedies*, edited by C. M. Gayley, New York, 1903, Mr. Henry Bradley, in an argument too long to summarise here, entirely disposes of the alleged episcopal authorship, and assigns the credit to William Stevenson, a native of Durham and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who died 1575. A considerably older and longer version of the song was unearthed in MS. by Dyce, and printed by him in the preface to his edition of Skelton without hypothesis as to authorship. There is an anticipation, which I do not think has been noticed before, of "Though I go bare, etc." in the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter: *sed quum mulsi pultarium*

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obduxi, frigori lacasin dico (cap. xlii). The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* contain a Latin version by Dr. Maginn, of joyous memory.
- 8 14 From *An Enterlude Intituled Like Wil to Like quod the Deuel to the Colier, very godly and ful of pleasant Mirth*, printed 1568. *Crab*—it was customary to put a roasted crab-apple in a bowl of ale, to flavour it and take off the chill. *Brinks*—to brink, sometimes spelt brinch, was to drink in response to a pledge.
- 9 15 From Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, first printed in 1594; this song, however, was not included till Blount's collected edition of 1632. *Skinkers*—drawers, tapsters. *Nowle*—noddle, head.
- 10 16 From *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii. Sc. 7. *Fats*—vats.
- 11 16 One of Iago's snatches of song in *Othello*, Act ii. Sc. 3.
- 12 17 Master Silence's song after supper at Justice Shallow's. (*Henry IV.* Pt. 2, Act v. Sc. 3): "I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom." This was a current phrase expressive of deep potations; "one that will drinke deepe, though it bee a mile to the bottome" is one of the synonyms for drunkard noted by Heywood.
- 13 18 The Apollo was the great room of the Old Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar, so called to distinguish it from a contiguous hostelry, the Young Devil. In it met the "tavern academy" over which Jonson ruled supreme, and for which he wrote in Latin the famous *Leges Conviviales*, engraven in golden letters upon black marble over the chimney-piece, and the present inscription. In Shackerley Marmion's comedy, *A Fine Companion*, we have Careless, a young gallant, giving his impressions of the Apollo to his mistress Æmilia—

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"Æm. Whence come you? from Apollo?

"Car. From the heaven

Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god
 Drinks sack, and keeps his Bacchanalias,
 And has his incense and his altars smoking,
 And speaks in sparkling prophecies; thence do
 I come!

My brains perfumed with the rich Indian vapour,
 And heightened with conceits, from tempting
 beauties,

From dainty music and poetic strains,
 From bowls of nectar and ambrosaic dishes,
 From witty varlets, fine companions,
 And from a mighty continent of pleasure,
 Sails thy brave Careless."

After Jonson's time the Devil had a long and distinguished career and high repute. On it was penned the epigram:

"'Tis strange, though true, he who would shun all evil,
 Cannot do better than go to the Devil."

With it are associated the names of "Mull Sack," the eminent cutpurse (see p. 290); Swift, who describes a dinner there with Addison and Garth in the *Letters to Stella*; Colley Cibber, whose odes were there rehearsed to music; Goldsmith, who belonged to a whist club meeting in it; and Dr. Johnson, who gave a supper to twenty guests which lasted till nearly eight the next morning. From the Devil Steele wrote one of his apologetic little notes to "dear Prue," saying that he languished for her welfare—but could not come home to dinner. The landlord in Jonson's day, Simon Wadloe, "old Sim, the king of skinkers," was the original of Old Simon the King (see pp. 42, 267).

- 14 19 Sung by Albius, Hermogenes, and Crispinus in *The Poetaster*, Act iv. Sc. 3. Ovid's comment as the song concludes is—

"Ay, this has waked us."

- 15 20 From *The Sun's Darling* by Dekker and Ford, but assuredly the work of the former.

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- 16 21 A catch for three voices in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, Act v. Sc. 4. The allusion to St. Hugh may be explained by reference to the speech of Firk, the journeyman shoemaker in Sc. 2—

"*Firk.* . . . Every Shrove Tuesday is our year of jubilee; and when the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my Lord Mayor; we may shut up our shops, and make holiday. I'll have it called Saint Hugh's Holiday.

"*Omnes.* Agreed, agreed! Saint Hugh's Holiday!"

- 17 22 Text from *Deuteromelia*, 1609. A snatch of this is sung by Old Merrythought in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

- 18 22 Printed in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, *Musick's Miscellanie; or, Mixed Varietie of Pleasant Roundelayes and Delightful Catches*, 1609, and in Hilton's *Catch that Catch Can*, 1652. It was said by Samuel Harsnet to be a ditty which tinkers were wont to sing, "as they sat by the fire with a pot of good ale between their legs." Part of it was appropriated for the drinking song in Sir A. Sullivan's opera, *Ivanhoe*.

- 19 23 Text from *Flowers of Harmony*, 1790 (?), but a song of the previous century. The first verse, printed as prose, is assigned as a speech to Budget the Tinker in *The London Chaunticlères*. *Tinker's freeze*—probably tinker's liquor, a derivative from "upse-frees" (also found as "upse-Dutch"), a cant phrase both for drunk and for Dutch beer, the Dutch original being "op-zyn-fries."

"Tom is no more like thee than chalk's like cheese,

To pledge a health or to drink upse-freeze."

—Rowlands, *Letting of Humour's Blood*, 1600.

- 20 23 Set to music by Ravenscroft, and included in his "Briefe Discourse of the true (but neglected) use of Charact'ring the Degrees by their Perfection, Imperfection, and Diminution in Measurable

- No. Page Musick, against the Common Practise and Custome of these Times," 1614.
- 21 25 Text from *Deuteromelia*; there is an echo of it in one of the ballads of the Bagford Collection—
 "There was three travellers, travellers three,
 With a hye down, ho down, lanktre down derry,
 And they wou'd go travel the North Country,
 Without ever a stiver of money."
- 22 26 From *The Knight of Malta*, Act iii. Sc. 1, 1647. It was probably sung to the tune, "The buff coat hath no fellow," to which many ballads were written. A *lanceprisado* was a commander of ten men, the lowest officer in a regiment of foot. *Trinidado* was a popular growth of tobacco at the time—
 "I care no more to kill them in bravado,
 Than for to drink a pipe of Trinidado."
 —Rowlands, *Letting of Humour's Blood*.
Ruff—an old card game.
- 23 27 From *The Bloody Brother*; or, *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, 1639. Cf. "Come, landlord, fill a flowing bowl" (pp. 128, 280). *Tisic*—i.e. phthisis, then used in Greek sense of wasting and decay.
- 24 27 Sung by the landlord's ghost in *The Lover's Progress*, 1647.
- 25 28 From *Valentinian*, printed 1647, produced before 1618–19. *Lyæus*—one of the names of Dionysos or Bacchus; "there are few who use to drink of *Helicon's* Waters, but they love to mingle it with some of *Lyæus* Liquor, to heighten their Spirits" (Howell, *Familiar Letters*, bk. iii. 2. 1647). *Mazer*—a large drinking vessel made of maple wood.
- 26 29 From *The Spanish Curate*, produced 1622. *Swink*—toil.

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 27 30 Sung by Sir Bounteous Progress in *A Mad World, My Masters*. This song, with slight variations, appeared for the first time in the 1632 edition of Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, and was not included in Middleton's comedy till its second edition was published in 1640. Mr. Warwick Bond, in his monumental edition of Lyly, takes the view that all the thirty-two songs (this included) of Lyly's plays, omitted in the first two quarto editions but afterwards inserted, were his own. Possibly, of course, it may be neither Middleton's nor Lyly's.
- 28 31 From *The Spanish Gipsy*, produced 1623, printed 1653. *Threading needles*—an old game in which the players stand in two long rows, each holding the hand of the *vis-à-vis*, and the two at one end forming an arch with raised arms through which the other couples run. When all have passed under, the first two hold up their arms, and the process is repeated, each couple in turn becoming the arch. It is one of the old games connected by tradition with a particular day in the year, generally Shrove Tuesday, and "there is reason to think," says Mrs. Gomme, "that in this game we have a relic of the oldest sacred dances" (see *Traditional Games*, ii. p. 228). *Ging*—company; *Peter-see-me*—i.e. Pedro Ximenes, a Malaga wine, so called from a grape imported from the banks of the Rhine by one Pedro Simon; *nowl*—a noddle; *fox*—intoxicate; *doxy*—a light woman of the vagrant class: "These Doxies be broken and spoiled of their maidenhead by the Upright Men, and then they have their name of Doxies and not afore" (Harman's *Caveat for Cursetors*, 1566).
- 29 32 From *Histriomastix*, 1610.

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30, 31, 32 33-34 From *Aristippus; or, The Jovial Philosopher*, 1630. The eulogy of sack is thus introduced—

"*Aristippus*. But above the wit of humanity, the divine Virgil hath extoll'd the encomium of sack in these verses."

Peleus youth—Achilles.

- 33 36 The Mitre was in the parish of St. Edward's, Cambridge, and close to King's College, as is indicated in stanza 10, King's being Eton's "own College." The fall, referred to also in "A Cambridge Droll" in *Merry Drollery Compleat*, took place about 1634; the house being subsequently rebuilt. The landlord, the "Sam" of the present verses, was a certain Farlowe; he and two brother publicans were called "the three best tutors in the universities." *The dismal fire on London Bridge* occurred in February, 1632-3; a *heresy of beer*—heresy in beer or hops seems to have had a proverbial currency; "there's heresy in hops" appears in the eulogy of sack, beginning "Fetch me Ben Jonson's skull," by Francis Beaumont or Dr. Henry Edwards. *Pembroke's Cardinal Cap* was a tavern called the Cardinal's Cap nearly opposite Pembroke Hall.

- 34 38 From *Hey for Honesty, Down with Knavery*, 1651, Randolph's authorship of which is by no means certain. To him also the well-known ballad, "The High and Mighty Commendation of a Pot of Good Ale," published in 1642 as by "Thomas Randall," has been ascribed. It is much too long for inclusion, but the first and one of the later verses may be quoted—

"Not drunken nor sober (but neighbour to both),
I met with a friend in Aylesbury Vale;
He saw by my face that I was in the case
To speak no great harm of a pot of good ale.

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"O ale, *ab alendo*, thou liquor of life!
 I wish that my mouth were as big as a whale;
 But then 'twere too little to reach the least tittle
 That belongs to the praise of a pot of good ale."

- 35 39 In the edition of Browne in the Muses' Library, Mr. Bullen remarks on the popularity of this song in the seventeenth century, although no very early printed copy is extant, and quotes *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1699—

"Now [June] is the time when Farmers shear their Sheep . . . and yet, for all this, the old Song is in force still, and ever will be, 'Shear Sheep that have 'em, cry we still.'"

The popularity of the song continued for many years. I have a book of catches and glees, published in Edinburgh in 1780, in which it is included, set to an air by Hilton.

- 36 40 Five of the twelve stanzas of a ballad printed at the end of an anonymous poem, *Pasquil's Palinodia and His Progress to the Taverne*, the first edition of which appeared in 1619, the second in 1634. *Forked mountain*—Parnassus; *pose*—a cold in the head.

- 37 42 Text from Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*; there are other versions in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* and elsewhere, some of which have the refrain—

"Says old Simon the King,
 Says old Simon the King,
 With his ale-dropt hose, and his Malmsey nose,
 Sing, hey ding, ding a ding, ding."

It was, we are told, one of Squire Western's favourite ditties. "Simon the King" is the Simon Wadloe who kept the Devil Tavern when Ben Jonson's club, the Apollo, met there (see p. 261). Simon died in 1627, and the Wadlow who crops up once or twice in Pepys was probably his son—

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"Pennyboy Canter. Dine in Apollo, with Pecunia
At brave Duke Wadloe's. . . .
"Pennyboy Jun. Content i' th' faith;
Our meat shall be brought thither :
Simon the King
Will bid us welcome."
—Jonson, *Staple of News*, Act ii.

In the *Jug* of the last stranza there is a *double entendre*, Jug having the slang significance of wench or mistress; *e.g.* in the ballad of "Celadon's Jugg"—

"When Celadon first from his cottage did stray
To court his dear Jugg on a hillock of hay,
What awkward confusion opprest the poor swain,
When thus he delivered his passion in pain :

"When swains to an alehouse by force do me lug,
Instead of a pitcher, I call for a Jugg,
And sure you can't chide at repeating your name,
When the nightingale every night does the same."

38 44 One of the poems printed at the end of the masque, *The Spring's Glory*, 1639. *Wich*—Droitwich; Nash, the learned historian of Worcestershire, says *Wich* was the ancient name, but is uncertain when the prefix was added or its origin, though he suggests that it may have signified that the salt-springs here were permitted but elsewhere were closed; *horse-hoof well*—this is the fountain Hippocrene on Mount Helicon, which was said to owe its origin to Pegasus striking the ground with his feet; *Androgena*—another name for Luna, in the alchemical view the mother of the world-spirit and matter, as Sol is the father.

39 45 From *The London Chaunticleres*, modestly described on its title-page as "A witty Comcedy, full of Various and Delightfull Mirth." It was printed in 1659, but is evidently much older, says Lamb, who includes this song in his *Specimens*.

40 47 Text from *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1661; the earliest known copy is that of *Wit and Drollery*,

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 1656. *Chill Charokoe* is also found as "Chilehe Rocko" and, in Ritson's version, "chill Sirocco"; *pies*—magpies; *daws*—jackdaws; *rumkin*—a drinking vessel.

41 48 Text from Chappell. No printed copy of this ballad is known, dating from before the reign of Charles II, but for various reasons, including the archaic pronunciation of "bottell," it is believed to be much earlier. There are versions in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, the *Roxburghe*, *Bagford*, and other collections. It is interesting to note that a clerical critic of the song, the Rev. Arthur Bedford, in his *Great Abuse of Musick*, 1711, attacked the first verse as irreverent. Heywood thus describes leather bottles in *Philocothonista* (1635)—

"Bottles wee have of Leather, but they most used amongst the Shepheards and harvest people of the Countrey; small Jacks wee have in many Ale-houses of the Citie and Suburbs, tipt with silver; besides the great black Jacks and bombards at the Court, which, when the French-men first saw, they reported at their returne into their Countrey, that the English-men used to drinke out of their Bootes."

42 51 Of this song, suggested by "The Leather Bottell," there is one version in the *Westminster Drollery*, 1672, and another in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, beginning—

"'Tis a pitiful thing that nowadays, Sirs,
 Our poets turn leathern bottle praisers."

I have printed the first, as the other is of inordinate length and, on the whole, clumsier in style.

43 52 Text from *Flowers of Harmony*. It is a seventeenth-century song, however, for Walton refers to it in the *Compleat Angler*—

"And now," says Huntsman, "Let's go to an honest ale-house where we may have a cup of good barley wine, and sing 'Old Rose' and all of us rejoice together."

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- What the meaning of "Old Rose," and why the bellows should be burnt, are for me "wrop in mystery," but Peregrine Pickle on one occasion persuaded a merry company to commit their periwigs, shoes, and caps to the flames.
- 44 53 From Hilton's *Catch that Catch Can*, where it has a setting by William Child. *Old Lilly*—this is William Lilly, the astrologer, the "Sir Sidrophel" of the Earl of Rochester's "Upon drinking in a Bowl."
- 45 53 Text from Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1673, the music by Henry Lawes. It is also to be found in Hilton's *Catch that Catch Can*, 1652; *An Antidote Against Melancholy*, 1661, etc.
- 46 54 Text from *Antidote Against Melancholy*, 1661; this appeared in other collections, and was sometimes fathered on Randolph.
- 47 55 *The Macedon youth*—Alexander the Great; "It grew to a common Proverbe in Greece," says Heywood in *Philocthonista*, "That if any man could powre more liquor down his throate than his companions, they would say hee were able to drinke with *Alexander*." Alexander's over-indulgence is denied by Plutarch, who describes, however, the glorious spree, graced with the presence of Thais, on the eve of the march against Darius, and the seven days' Bacchanalian procession in Carmania.
- 48 55 *Deucalion's inundation*—the great flood with which Zeus swept away the whole of mankind, except one pair, Deucalion and Pyrrha, who, when the waters abated, landed on Mount Parnassus, and, descending thence, picked up and cast round about them stones from which sprang a new human race.

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 49, 50 57-58 From *Clarastella: Together with Poems Occasional, Elegies, Epigrams, Satyrs*. By Robert Heath, Esquire. London, Printed for Humph. Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the signe of the Princes Arms in S. Paul's Churchyard, 1650. The book was published without the knowledge of the author, of whom nothing certain is known, though the spirit and sincerity of the "Song in a Siege" indicate personal experiences in the Great Rebellion. Mr. Bullen, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, suggests the possibility of his having been a Robert Heath (born in London) who entered Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1634.
- 51 59 This and the following two numbers are from *Pierides; or, the Muses' Mount*, 1658. *Heraclitus*—see "The Tippling Philosophers," verse 3, p. 120.
- 52 61 *Ela*—the highest note in the musical scale. "Moreover," observes John Taylor, "Ale is melodious . . . for Ela is an Anagram of Ale, and Ela is the Aldeboron or highest Note of Musick, either in winde Instruments, strung Instruments, or Voyces" (*Ale Ale-vated*, 1650). *Rasie*—an archaic form of racy, now generally used figuratively; "Before dinner again, refresh your Lamp, (for it is alwaies wasting) with the generous oyle of Sack, nitty, roapy, and razy" (Gayton, *Pleasant Notes on Don Quixot*, iii. 6, 102. 1654).
- 53 62 *Paan*—one of the names of Apollo.
- 54 63 Text from *Musical Miscellany*, 1729-31. It is probably to be ascribed to Martin Parker, a seventeenth-century ballad writer of great celebrity, the author of "When the king enjoys his own again," and was originally sung to the popular air "To drive the cold winter away," but later was wedded to an air by John Sheeles, a harpsichord player.

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- 55 65 The *Sun* referred to here was probably that on Fish Street Hill; there was a later Sun behind the Royal Exchange, built after the Great Fire. The *Dog* was a favourite haunt of Jonson's, and Pepys was a later patron. From the connection in which he mentions it Mr. Wheatley conjectures it to have been near Whitehall and Westminster Hall. There was a *Triple Tun*—or at least a Three Tuns—in Newgate Street and another in Seething Lane, but which of the two was Jonson and Herrick's tavern I cannot ascertain.
- 57 66 *Wilson*—John Wilson, lute-player and composer, a doctor of music at Oxford, 1644, and professor there in 1656. He was "the best at the lute in all England," says Anthony à Wood, and he enjoyed the favour of Charles II. *Gotiere*—Mr. Herbert Horne takes this to be Jacques Gouter or Gaultier, a lutinist also, an etched portrait of whom is to be seen in the Print Room of the British Museum.
- 58 67 The first two lines are a translation of the opening question of Horace, *Car.* iii. 25.
- 59 67 "The world had all one nose"—this, of course, is a play on Ovid's patronymic Naso, and Dr. Grosart also detects a reference to the amorous disposition supposed to be indicated by a long nose. *Pap*—sap; *retorted*—tossed wildly back (Lat. *retortus*).
- 60 69 It was for his friend Sir Clipseby's wedding in 1625 that Herrick wrote his exquisite "Nuptial Song," which takes high place among English epithalamia. *Instant* (Lat. *instans*)—present.
- 61 71 The *mystic fan* was borne in the Eleusinian procession.
- 62 73 Mr. E. K. Chambers, in his edition of Vaughan, locates the *Globe* in Southwark, but there was also a *Globe* in Fleet Street which achieved fame in the

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next century as the meeting-place of Goldsmith's Wednesday Club. Gordon, the fattest member of the club, was renowned for his singing of "Nottingham Ale" (see pp. 118, 279). *Cymbeline and Lud*—statues of these ancient, and probably mythical, British kings occupied niches of old Ludgate.

"him

That made his horse a senator."

The steed thus honoured was Incitatus, belonging to Caligula; it had an ivory manger and drank wine out of a golden pail. *To him that like fire broke forth, etc.*—Julius Cæsar.

- 63 76 From *The Man's the Master*, printed 1669. Pepys went to see this play in March, 1668, and thought little of it: "most of the mirth was sorry, poor stuffe, of eating of sack posset and slabbering themselves, and mirth fit for clowns."

- 64 78 There are many variations in the readings of this celebrated song, and in some cases additional verses of an inferior kind. Thus a broadside in the *Bagford Ballads* (conjecturally dated 1680) entitles the song "The Careless Gallant; or, A Farewel to Sorrow," and gives four more stanzas in addition to this rhyming foreword—

"Whether these Lines do please, or give offence,
Or shall be damn'd as neither Wit nor Sense,
The Poet is for that in no suspense;
For 'tis all one a hundred years hence."

I have taken my text from the original source of the song—*The Triumphs of London*, Performed on Friday, Octob. 29, 1675 for the Entertainment of the Right Honourable, and truly Noble Pattern of Prudence and Loyalty, Sir Joseph Sheldon, K^t, Lord Mayor of the City of London. . . . All set forth at the proper Costs and Charges of the Worshipful Company of Drapers. Designed and

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Composed, By Tho. Jordan, Gent. This particular song is thus introduced—

"His Lordship and the Guests being all seated, the City Musick begin to touch their Instruments with very artful fingers, and after a Lesson being played, and their Ears as well feasted as their Mouths; an acute person, with a good voice, good humour, and audible utterance (the better to provoke digestion) sings this New Droll."

I have added the word "est," metrically necessary but lacking in all versions, to line 4 of verse 4, and I have also to confess to tampering with the purity of the text in another line, out of respect for the purity of the present age. *Theorbo*—a stringed instrument much in favour in the seventeenth century, differing from a lute, which it otherwise resembled, in having two necks; *bit*—wench ("Oh, she's a delicate Bit for him that can get her"—Shadwell's *Miser*, Act. i. Sc. 1); *hogo*—a high flavour or smell, from Fr. *haut goût*; *Your most Christian Mounsieur*—Louis XIV.

- 66 81 Text from *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1670. This was a very popular song in Charles II's time, and is twice mentioned in Shadwell's plays. Thus Timothy Squeeze in the *Miser*: "We can be merry as the best of you—we can i' faith—and sing *A boat, a boat*, or *Here's a health to his Majesty with a fa la la lero*; and roar gallantly."

Text from *Inedited Poetical Miscellanies*, edited by W. C. Hazlitt, 1870, as is also that of No. 68. *Pug*—wench or mistress, e.g. in one of the ballads printed with Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*—

"Arise, arise, my Juggy, my Puggy,
Arise, get up, my dear;
The weather is cold, it blows, it snows;
Oh, let me be lodgèd here."

- 69, 70, 71 86–88 From the *Songs and Poems*, third edition, 1668, of "the great song-maker," as Pepys calls

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Brome. Phillips' eulogy in *Theatrum Poetarum* lacks nothing in appreciation—

"... among the sons of Mirth and Bacchus, to whom his sack-inspired songs have been so often sung to the sprightly violon, his name cannot choose but be immortal; and in this respect he may well be styled the English Anacreon."

- 72 89 From Nicholas Hookes' *Amanda, a Sacrifice to an unknown Goddess; or, a Free-will Offering of a loving Heart to a Sweet-heart*. London. 1653.

- 74 91 An imitation of Ode xix. of Anacreon. Moore thus translates an epitaph by Hippolytus Capilupus of the same inspiration—

"While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the show'r,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew,
As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea;
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!"

- 76 92 An imitation of Anacreon, Ode xviii.; Oldham's longer poem inspired by the same Ode will be found on p. 105, *As Nestor used of old*—

"Old *Nestor*, notwithstanding all the Noyse and Clamour made by the Tumult, would not breake his draught. His Cup was compared to *Achilles* his Shield; as the one never enter'd the field, nor ingaged his person without his *Targe* to guard his life—so the other never heated his body in any skirmish, without his bowle to quench his thirst."—Heywood's *Philocothonista*, p. 11.

Maestrick—Maestricht was a much besieged city, but the particular siege referred to here was probably that of 1673; *Sir Sidrophel*—Lilly the astrologer, first nicknamed thus in *Hudibras*.

- 78 95 Text from Dixon and Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the English Peasantry*. From the reference

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to ale and the names Nolly and Joan, the editors are inclined to consider this song "a lampoon levelled at Cromwell and his wife, whom the Royalist party nicknamed Joan." But, like "There's nae luck about the hoose," into which certain commentators have read Jacobite sentiments, it is a good song on its own merits and does not need the extrinsic interest of political allusion. Moreover the ballad, or, at any rate, the original on which it is based, is much older than Cromwell; in 1594 John Danter entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "for his copie, a ballet intituled 'Jone's ale is new.'" In the *Roxburghe Ballads* is a song, "The Good Fellows' Frolick; or, Kent Street Club," which resembles the present in bringing in a string of tradesmen, with the refrain "The ale that is so brown."

- 79 97 Text from Sandys' *Festive Songs*, 1848.
- 80 98 Text from Dixon and Bell. In the dales of Craven it was usual at the close of hay-harvest for the farmers to entertain their men at a feast called a churn-supper. This song, in varying forms, was always a feature of the evening. It somewhat resembles No. 81.
- 81 100 Text from *Merry Drollery Compleat*, 1661. The tune was adapted to several old songs, including D'Urfey's "Cold and raw the north did blow." Stingo was strong ale, especially associated with Yorkshire; there is to this day in the Marylebone Road a public-house called the Yorkshire Stingo. *To run the ring*—equivalent to running a rig, i.e. playing a frolic; 'Twill make him show his golden thumb—will make him fair-dealing; there is a proverb that honest millers have golden thumbs. The last line of the song

- No. Page forms the first line and the theme of a suggestive ballad in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, etc.
- 82 102 Text from Dixon and Bell. It is said to date from Charles II's reign.
- 83 104 Text from the *Roxburghe Ballads*, where it is called "The Country Farmer's Vain Glory; in a New Song of Harvest Home," on the same broadside being printed "An Answer to Harvest Home, or a True Character of such Country-men who Glory in Cheating the Vicar, and prefer Bag-pudding and Dumpling before Religion and Learning." It is a modified version of a song in Dryden's opera, *King Arthur*, Act v. Sc. 1.
- 85 107 This is, no doubt, Shadwell's song, for it appears in his *Miser*, Act iii. Sc. 2, 1672, but there is a slightly different version in the *Westminster Drollery* of the same year. Jesse in his *Memoirs of the Court of England* tells how Charles II, dining with Sir Robert Vyner, at last rose to go, whereupon his host, who had been freely indulging in his own wine, took hold of the king and swore he should remain for another bottle. Charles looked at him amiably over his shoulder and, repeating the line from this song, "the man that is drunk is as great as a king," consented to stay. *Terse claret*, *i.e.* tierce claret; a tierce was a forty-two gallon cask.
- "Wit, like tierce claret when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no use at all;
But in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play."—Dorset.
- 86 107 This, the best-known production of Tom Brown's muse, had the honour of being set to music by Purcell.
- 87 108 Others of Tom's joyous ditties might have been included, but for their unsuitability to modern

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taste. *Nihil tetigit quod non h-ornavit*, remarked Mr. Henley of him in a letter to me, and the comment is a fair one, yet Tom amused his contemporaries, and that is much. His neatly turned epitaph by one of them deserves quotation—

“ Here lies the Lyrick, who, with tale and song,
Did life to three score years and ten prolong ;
His tale was pleasant and his song was sweet,
His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader, grieve, that he too soon grew old :
His song has ended and his tale is told.”

88, 89 109-10 Text from *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724-7, etc.

91 111 Sir Wilfull Witwoud's song in *The Way of the World*, Act iv.

92 112 The editor of the *Scottish Students' Song-Book* rashly ascribes this fine lyric, dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century, to John Dyer, author of *The Fleece*, probably so misled by the fact that one of the versions of the song bears the legend: “a song sung by Mr. Dyer at Mr. Bullock's booth in Southwark Fair.” This Mr. Dyer was a public singer of the day, whose Christian name was Robert. The majestic air was a favourite with the great organ composer, Samuel Wesley, who made it the basis of many fugues.

93 113 Text from *A Little Book of Scottish Verse*, edited by Mr. T. F. Henderson, who states it to be from a MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, written before 1705. It was sung to the old Scots tune “Hey tutti taiti,” referred to on p. 286.

94 114 Text from *Tea Table Miscellany*.

95 115 Text from Ritson's *English Songs*, second edition, 1813.

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 96 115 This very popular ballad appeared in the *Bullfinch*, 1746; *Convivial Songster*, 1782; and other eighteenth-century song-books. The chorus was added by John Parry about 1835.
- 97 117 Text from Chappell. Lockhart tells of it having been sung by Adam Ferguson at one of the Abbotsford hunt suppers.
- 98 118 Text from Chappell. This was sung to the air of "Lilliburlero." In the *Roxburghe Ballads* there is a version in which Newcastle is credited with the ale. The authorship is attributed to a naval officer called Gunthorpe.
- 99 119 These verses are a selection from a curious little anonymous work, *Wine and Wisdom; or, The Tippling Philosophers*, printed and sold by J. Woodward in Scolding Alley, 1710. In the preface to what he calls "a Performance which, I believe, for its singularity is scarce to be parallel'd," the author explains that he has been in the habit of singing this ballad of his at convivial meetings, lengthening it as his friends demanded new verses, and finally reaching the number of fifty-four. Beneath each verse he inserts notes on the idiosyncrasies of the sages whom he celebrates.
- 100, 101 123-24 Text from the *Musical Miscellany*, 1729. *Polly* would seem to be the Polly Peachum of *The Beggar's Opera*. Lavinia Fenton, who filled the part on its first production in 1727, was the rage of the season, with her portrait in every print-shop. At the end of the season, after two benefits announced as Polly's nights, she was taken off the stage by the Duke of Bolton, and, on his wife's death, became his Duchess, being thus the second actress to enter the peerage by marriage.

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102 125

Text from *Tea Table Miscellany*, but to be found in several other song-books. According to the *Musical Miscellany*, 1729, it was sung by Mr. Harper in Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife*. "I ne'er to Bow nor Burgess go"—by this John means that he holds aloof from religious squabbles. At the time of George I's accession in the summer of 1714, a mob of Whigs and Protestants assembled at the Roebuck in Cheapside near Bow Church, and burnt the "Pretender" in effigy. These proceedings were repeated at the same place on a larger scale in October, effigies not only of the "Pretender" but of the Pope, the Duke of Ormond, and others being committed to the flames. *Burgess* was the Rev. Daniel Burgess, a noted Independent divine, whose chapel, or meeting as it was called, was sacked by a Tory rabble during the Sacheverell riots of 1709-10, a bonfire being made of the pews and pulpit (see Malcolm's *Manners and Customs of London*, Chap. vi.).

103 126 Text from *Pedlar's Pack*, reprinted there from a broadside of uncertain date. In his *Songs of the West*, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould gives another version taken down from oral tradition.

104 128 Text from Chappell. This is an eighteenth-century song, still popular at smoking-concerts, founded on Fletcher's "Drink to-day," for which see p. 27. It was sometimes sung with the refrain—

"Three jolly post-boys drinking at the Dragon,
And they determined to finish out the flagon."

105 129 This first appeared in the *Scarborough Miscellany* for 1732, afterwards in other collections, and Oldys always claimed to be the author. Scandal, as voiced by Grose, asserted that the

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famous antiquary took more ale than was good for him, and was so drunk at the Princess Caroline's funeral, which he attended as Norroy King-of-Arms, that he reeled about while carrying the coronet on a cushion.

- 106 129 Text from Ritson. There is a setting by Dr. Pepusch in the *Musical Miscellany*.

- 107 130 Hieronymus Amaltheus, Italian physician, philosopher, and poet, wrote all his poems save one in Latin. He was born at Oderzo in 1506, and died 1574. *Dorchester butt*—Dorchester enjoyed high repute for its ale, "pale-hued Dorchester."

"In the liquor line Loveday laid in an ample barrel of Dorchester strong beer. . . . It was of the most beautiful colour that the eye of an artist in beer could desire; full in body, yet brisk as a volcano; piquant, yet without a twang; luminous as an autumn sunset; free from streakiness of taste; but, finally, rather heady."—Thomas Hardy, *The Trumpet Major*.

"The Brown Jug" has been thus imitated by Thackeray—

"Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,
And drink to the health of Sweet Nan of the Hill,
Was once Tommy Tossput's, as jovial a sot
As e'er drew a spigot, or drain'd a full pot—
In drinking all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he swigg'd off his glass.

"One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to Tom did appear,
And said, 'Honest Thomas, come take your last bier.'
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my Nan."

- 108 131 Text from *Flowers of Harmony*.

- 110 132 Text from *Tea Table Miscellany*.

- 111 133 Text from *The Buck's Bottle Companion*, 1775.

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 113 135 Text from *Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1720.
- 114, 115 135-7 Text from *The Buck's Bottle Companion*, 1775.
- 116 137 Text from *Convivial Songster*.
- 117, 118 138-9 Text from *The Buck's Bottle Companion*.
- 119 139 This is in most of the eighteenth-century song-books, and was popularly known as "General Wolfe's song," from the tradition alluded to in the Introduction. The authorship is doubtful, though a certain Thomas O'Dell, a theatrical manager, has been credited with it. It was embodied in *The Patron; or, The Statesman's Opera*, produced at the Haymarket in 1729, but there is said to be a manuscript copy in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, dated 1712, and bearing the title: "The Duke of Berwick's March."
- 120 140 Dr. Johnson's parody of the manner of a gentleman (Warton?) who, in his opinion, "had got into a bad style of poetry of late." "That," said Boswell, "is owing to his being so much versant in old English poetry." The Doctor's reply was quite characteristic: "What is that to the purpose, Sir? If I say a man is drunk, and you tell me it is owing to his taking much drink, the matter is not mended."
- 121 141 *Beet the ingle*—poke up the fire; *hags*—pools in marshes; *nae starns keek*—no stars peep; *mirk*—dark; *een*—eyes; *steek*—close fast; *haud*—hold; *gie's*—give us; *till*—to.
- 122 142 An imitation of Horace, Car. i. 9. There are other seven stanzas, which I have omitted as not cognate with our subject. *Ilka cleugh*—every rocky hollow; *scaur*—escarpment; *slap*—pass; *whins*—gorse bushes; *dousser*—quieter; *wysing a-jee*

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—guiding sideways; *ripe*—poke; *beek*—warm; *butt and ben*—in and out; butt is the outer room of a house, ben the inner; *mutchkin*—pint measure; *dribs*—drops; *tappit-hen*—three-quart measure; *gash*—sagacious; *ayont*—beyond; *ilka*—every; *rowth*—plenitude; *fashious*—querulous; *wud*—mad; *blattering*—rattling; *feckless*—feeble.

- 123 143 Text from Ritson's *Scottish Songs*. Burns deemed it "the first bottle-song in the world." The first verse is almost identical with one in the famous Gloucestershire ballad of earlier date, "George Ridler's Oven."

"When I have dree zixpences under my thumb,
O then I be welcome wherever I come;
But when I have none, O, then I pass by,—
'Tis poverty pearts good companie."

Fair-fa'—good luck to; *bannocks*—scones; *tip-penny*—i.e. twopenny, a kind of ale; *ca't awa*—put it away; *neep*—turnip; *kimmer*—female gossip; *leeze me on*—I delight in; *doo*—dove; *mou*—mouth; *fecht*—fight.

- 124 144 Text from Ritson's *Scottish Songs* and Herd. *Hawick gill*—a double gill; *leugh*—laughed; *heght to keep me lawin' free*—promised me free drinks; *carline*—old woman; *gart*—made; *birl*—drink; *waes*—woe to; *shoon*—shoes; *toom'd*—emptied; *chappin*—ale-measure rather less than a quart; *heeze*—lift up; *cutty*—short; *kebbuck*—cheese; *swats*—ale; *glibber*—more easily; *ca'd*—passed; *bicker*—wooden drinking-vessel; *jeed our bun*—moved our posteriors; *mavis*—thrush; *oxter*—armpit.

- 125 146 Text from Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776. *Gars*—makes; *sough*—breathe heavily; *spaed*—prophesied.

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 126 147 Text from *Tea Table Miscellany*. *Dwining*—languishing, fading away; *brawler*—more beautiful; *hauses*—hugs, embraces; *coofs*—simpletons; *tint*—engrossed.
- 127 148 Text from *The Buck's Bottle Companion*.
- 128 149 Text from *Tea Table Miscellany*; the song is to be found in many other collections. *Gigg*—defined by Johnson as “anything that is whirled round in play.” The word was also applied, however, to a silly, flighty person.
- 129 150 Sir Harry Bumper's song in *The School for Scandal*, Act iii. Sc. 3. It is modelled on Suckling's spirited lyric—“Here's a health to the nut-brown lass,” in *The Goblins*, which, but for its latitude of address, I would fain have included in this collection.
- 130, 131, 132 151-2 From the comic opera, *The Duenna*, produced at Covent Garden in 1775.
- 133 153 “*Tony Lumpkin*. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.”—*She Stoops to Conquer*, Act i. Sc. 2.
- Goldsmith himself sang it with great applause at a dinner-party at General Oglethorpe's in 1773.
- 134 154 The origin of this song is narrated at some length in the *Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1841. It must suffice to say here that Carolan, an Irish bard of renown, and the Baron were both enjoying with others the hospitality of Squire Jones of Moneyglass. They occupied adjacent rooms, and one night Dawson heard his neighbour composing on the harp a tune in honour of the host, whereupon he sat up and, to the melody stealing through the bedroom wall,

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wrote his song. *Salkeld and Ventris*—the Law Reports of Judge Salkeld and Sir Peyton Ventris.

- 135 158 *Cruiskeen lawn*—the little full flask; there is an Erse chorus to this song, which runs as follows—

“Gramachree ma cruiskeen
Slainte geal mavourneen,
Gramachree a coolin bawn, bawn, bawn,
Oh, Gramachree a coolin bawn.”

- 136 159 Written in celebration of a merry meeting at Moffat in the autumn of 1789, of Burns and two Edinburgh schoolmasters, William Nichol and Allan Masterton. “Three merry boys” is a reminiscence of the old refrain “Three merry men” which comes up in the table-talk of Sir Toby Belch and Old Merrythought, and formed the burden of several old ballads, *e.g.* that of the cook and his companions of the gallows in Fletcher’s *Bloody Brother*.

“Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows tree.”

Lee-lang—live-long; *drappie*—little drop; *bree*—brew; *lift*—sky; *wyle*—entice; *loon*—rogue.

- 137 160 The chorus is old. Burns wrote the third verse on a window-pane of the Globe Tavern at Dumfries. *Coggie*—diminutive of cog, a wooden drinking-vessel; *dool*—sorrow.

- 138 161 The chorus of this song is traditional. *Bucky*—Buchan; *Lucky*—a common Scots designation for an ale-wife, *e.g.* Ramsay’s “Lucky Wood”; *bien*—snug; *curch*—kerchief or frilled cap; *chucky*—dear; *ingle-gleed*—hearth blaze.

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139 161 Messrs. Henley and Henderson describe this as "a patchwork of assorted scraps, with some few verbal changes." Thus the third verse comes from the Jacobite song on p. 113. "Hey tutti taiti" was an ancient Scots tune said by Burns to be traditionally the air to which Bruce and his army marched to Bannockburn.
- 140 161 One of Burns's adaptations from older sources. *Fou*—drunk; *neuk*—corner; *hen-broo*—chicken broth; *atweel*—in truth.
- 141 164 Accounts of the origin of this song vary, Burns's own being that he composed and sang it at an excise dinner in Dumfries, while Lockhart asserts that he made it in 1792 while waiting to board a smuggler which had grounded in the Solway. *Mahoun*—i.e. Mahomet, was an old name for the Devil; *meikle*—big.
- 142 165 Derived from old ballads, two of which—a Roxburghe version and one derived from oral Scots tradition—Jamieson prints in his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, 1806, along with two versions of a similar ballad, "Allan-a-maut" and one of "Master Mault." Burns follows the Scots rather than the Roxburghe ballad. The latter, which runs to thirty-four stanzas, and is conjecturally dated 1650, has this rhyming title—
"A pleasant new Ballad to sing both Even and Morne,
Of the bloody Murther of Sir John Barley-corne."
- 143 167 Text from *Pedlar's Pack*, the editor of which conjecturally attributes it to Robert Riddell, "the trusty Glenriddell," Burns's crony. It was at Friars Carse, his seat, that the drinking contest celebrated in "The Whistle" took place, and Burns wrote an elegy on him. *Twitcher*—Jemmy Twitcher was the nickname of an unpopular peer, Lord Sandwich, who figured in a

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cause célèbre of the day (1779), the murder of his (Sandwich's) mistress, Martha Ray, by Hackman, a clergyman whom she had refused to marry.

"I do not love tragic events *en pure perte*. If they do happen, I would have them historic. . . . It is very impertinent in one Hackman to rival Herod, and shoot Mariamne—and *that* Mariamne a kept mistress."—Horace Walpole, *Correspondence*, ed. Cunningham, vii. 191.

- 144 169 *Chappit*—struck ; *speir*—ask ; *gif*—if.
- 145 170 From *Songs of Experience*, 1794.
- 146 171 From Crofton Croker's *Popular Songs of Ireland*.
- 147 172 "The Monks of the Screw" was the name of a convivial society which, towards the close of the eighteenth century, met every Saturday night during term time in Kevin's Street, Dublin, and counted among its members such men as Grattan, Flood, Father O'Leary, Lord Charlemont, and Barry Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore. Curran was Grand Prior, and as such composed this song which he was accustomed to sing in a sort of recitative. A statuette of St. Patrick, as the patron of the order, presided over its jovial functions (see Phillips' *Curran and his Contemporaries*, 1850, p. 62 ; and Lever's *Jack Hinton*). There was little of the ascetic in the popular Irish view of the national saint ; in a well-known ballad we read—

"No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat, he taught them that,
As well as making whisky ;
No wonder that the Saint himself
Should understand distilling,
Since his mother kept a sheebeen shop
In the town of Enniskillen."

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150 176

Contained in a letter to Moore from Venice of July 10th, 1817. The first stanza had been written fifteen months before, says Byron.

151 177

This is dated Newstead, 1808. Byron described the skull as follows:—

“There had been found by the gardener in digging, a skull that had probably belonged to some jolly friar or monk of the Abbey about the time it was dis-monasteried. Observing it to be of giant size, and in a perfect state of preservation, a strange fancy seized me of having it set and mounted as a drinking cup. I accordingly sent it to town, and it returned with a very high polish and of a mottled colour like tortoiseshell.”—Medwin's *Conversations*, 1824, p. 38.

152, 153 178 180 Two of the *Irish Melodies*; the first goes to the tune of “Moll Roe in the morning,” the second to “Paddy O’Rafferty.”

156 186 Sung by Mr. Hilary and the Rev. Mr. Larynx in *Nightmare Abbey*.

157 187 Mr. Chromatic’s song in *Headlong Hall*.

159 188 A glee by Mr. O’Scarum, Sir Telegraph Paxarett, and the Rev. Mr. Portpipe in *Melin-court*.

159 189 From *Notes and Queries*, Third Series, xi. 327, contributed by J. H. Dixon, who says that the song, the author of which is unknown, is not older than the commencement of the nineteenth century.

160 190 *Toom*—empty; *weet*—wet; *mim*—demure; *whomel*—overturn; *mools*—clods of earth.

161 192 From a somewhat obscurely worded note in *The Ingoldsby Legends*, the Doctor seems to have been a *soi-disant* “Dr.” Marshall (a Durham horse-doctor) for whom two practical jokers claimed the authorship of Wolfe’s poem, “The Burial of Sir John Moore,” which these lines parody. See

- No. Page *The Poems of Charles Wolfe*, edited by C. Litton Falkiner, p. xxviii. This explains the *Marshall cloak*.
- 163 194 *Flip*—warm ale, flavoured with sugar, spice, spirits, and eggs; *rumbo*—a contraction of rum-bowling, an old nautical name for grog, and the favourite potation, it will be remembered, of Commodore Truncheon; *Hurlothrumbo*—the hero of a farce by Samuel Johnson (not Dr. Johnson, but a dancing master of prodigious self-conceit) which held the stage for over thirty nights at the Haymarket in 1729. The piece was then the talk of the day, a Hurlothrumbo Society was formed, and "mere Hurlothrumbo" was, for a time, a colloquial phrase. *Lachryma Christi*—a sweet wine, white or red, prepared from the grapes of Mount Somma, near Vesuvius. *Constantia*—a wine imported from the Cape, highly esteemed as a liqueur. The vines originally came from Shiraz, Persia.
- 164 195 From *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; the Rabelais reference is as follows—
 "Lors fut ouï ce mot: 'Trincq!' 'Elle est,' s'escria Panurge, 'par la vertu Dieu, rompue ou fessée, que je ne me mente: ainsi parlent les bouteilles cristallines de nos pays quand elles près du feu esclattent.' Lors Bacbuc se leva, et print Panurge sous le bras doucement, lui disant: 'Ami, rendez grâces és cieulx, la raison vous y oblige; vous avez promptement eu le mot de la dive Bouteille. Je di le mot plus joyeux, plus divin, plus certain, qu'encores d'elle aye entendu depuis le temps qu'ici je ministre à son très-sacré oracle.'"—*Pantagruel*, xlv.
- 165 197 From *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; T. M. is Tom Moore. *Just like the Celtic*—the Celtic Society of Edinburgh always wore the kilt at their annual dinner.
- 166 198 *Persico*; or, *Crème de Thé*—two varieties of liqueur; *Cwrw da*—good ale; there is a Welsh

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- proverb, "Allwedd calon cwrw da," signifying "Good ale is the key of the heart." *Zoilus*—an ancient critic who took Homer so severely to task that he was nicknamed Homeromastix. He came to a bad end, being either stoned, crucified, starved, or burned—an awful warning for reviewers. *Milk punch at Trinity*—this was, and is still, specially associated with the Boat Club of the College.
- 167 201 The Hume to whom reference is made is, of course, not David but Joseph.
- 168, 169 202-3 Two of Micky Free's bursts of song in *Charles O'Malley*.
- 170 & 204 Ainsworth displays poetic licence by including among the participants in the Bowl several persons who were not hanged at Tyburn at all, if we are to believe the eminent authority on the subject, Captain Smith (*Compleat History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen*. London. 1719-20). Swiftneck, who was a Mr. Nicks, received his sobriquet from Charles II, impressed by the story, which if the King believed, I do not, that he had ridden from Barnet to York between 5 a.m. and 6 p.m.; and his destiny was to marry an heiress, and die rich but honest. Mulsack, alias John Cottington, reputed to have had the honour of robbing both Charles II in his exile and Cromwell, ended a career of drinking sack and cutting purses at Smithfield in 1659; and Tom Randall was, for the murder of a Quaker, hanged in 1695 at Kingsland. Old Mob, who really did die at Tyburn, was Tom Simpson, a versatile gentleman of the road with a great flow of language. The custom of refreshing condemned criminals with a bowl of ale lingered on for long in Yorkshire, and gave rise to the saying that the saddler

- No. Page of Bawtry was hanged for leaving his ale. The saddler on his way to the crap refused his refreshment, and thereby missed a reprieve which arrived two minutes after his end.
- 171 206 This first appeared in *Jack Sheppard*. It is an unavowed translation of part of one of the *Vaux-de-Vire* of Olivier Basselin, the first stanza of which runs—
- " Beau nez, dont les rubis ont cousté mainte pipe
Du vin blanc et claiet,
Et duquel la couleur richement participe
Du rouge et violet."
- 172 207 First published in *Punch*, January 9th, 1847; the *mahogany tree* is the famous *Punch* table.
- 173 209 From *The Paris Sketch Book*.
- 174 210 From *Rebecca and Rowena*; an adaptation of "Der Pabst" a favourite German student song, beginning "Der Pabst lebt herrlich in der Welt." Lever also translated it.
- 175 211 *Rechab's son or daughter*—the allusion is to Jeremiah xxxv. 5-6—
- "And I set before the sons of the house of the Rechabites pots full of wine, and cups, and I said unto them, Drink ye wine. But they said, We will drink no wine; for Jonadab the son of Rechab our father commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever."
- 176 214 *Monsoon*—a reference to one of Lever's characters.
- "The major had begun life a two-bottle man, but by a studious cultivation of his natural gifts, and a steady determination to succeed, he had, at the time I knew him, attained to his fifth."—*Charles O'Malley*, chap. xxxv.
- The major was excelled, however, in actual life; Captain Gronow assures us that the Lords Dufferin, Panmure and Blayney, of 1815, were

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six-bottle men. *Hobies*—boots; Hoby was an eminent bootmaker who started business in St. James's Street in 1778, was reputed an eccentric, and died worth £120,000. His leisure hours were spent in preaching, which explains a remark of his reported by Gronow—

"If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself, he never would have had his great and constant successes; for my boots and prayers bring his lordship out of all his difficulties."

His name survives in the firm of Messrs. Hoby and Gullick of 24, Pall Mall.

- 177 216 "To judge by what is still in hand, at least a hundred loads," descent from the Pilgrim Fathers is in the States equivalent to having ancestors who came over with William the Conqueror, and the *Mayflower* furniture, to be found in curiosity shops, is a standing joke. One of the American comic papers lately had a picture representing a *Mayflower* of huge dimensions, vomiting forth an unending stream of Pilgrim Fathers, each staggering under a load of household possessions.

- 178 220 From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*.

- 179 221 A translation of a very popular German song, "Grad' aus dem Wirthshaus nun komm' ich heraus." The author was Prussian Minister of Public Worship—no less! Brough's rendering appeared in the first volume (1856) of a short-lived magazine, *The Train*, under the title of "John of Gaunt Sings from the German."

- 181 225 A masterly translation of Heine's "Glücklich der Mann, der den Hafen erreicht hat," one of the group of poems entitled "Die Nordsee." The translator appends the following note:—

"In the Rathskeller—Council-Cellar or Town-Hall Cellar—of Bremen, there is kept a celebrated tun, called 'The Rose,' containing wine three hundred years old.

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Around it are the 'Twelve Apostles,' or hogsheads filled with wine of a lesser age. When a bottle is drawn from the Rose, it is supplied from one of the Apostles; and by this arrangement the contents of the Rose are kept up to the requisite standard of antiquity. Those who are familiar with the writings of Hauff will remember the exquisite and genial sketch entitled 'A Fantasy in the Rathskeller of Bremen.'"

182 227 The text used is that of the first edition.

184 231 This gracious valedictory, worthy to stand beside Landor's "I strove with none," forms the prologue to the volume entitled *Poems and Translations*, 1889. No. 185 comes from the same source.

186 232 *Hodgson*—the allusion is to Bon Gaultier's "Jupiter and the Indian Ale"; Jove, weary of "clammy nectar," orders Bacchus to invent a new drink—

"Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Paly grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
'Dash my thyrsus! I'll be bail—
For you never were in India—
That you know not HODGSON'S ALE.'"

"The Prima Donna, smiling herself out,
Recruits her flagging powers with bottled stout."

Bunn tells of how Malibran insisted on a supply of stout during the performance of *The Maid of Artois*—

"I therefore arranged that behind the pillar of drifted sand, on which she falls in a state of exhaustion towards the close of the desert scene, a small aperture should be made in the stage. Through that aperture a pewter pint of porter was conveyed to the parched lips of this rare child of song, which so revived her after the terrible exertions the scene led to, that she electrified the audience."

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- Mrs. Siddons was another believer in porter, and a professional lady of my acquaintance, experienced in melodrama, assures me that stout is *the* thing for a hapless heroine to shriek on.
- 188 239 It was the custom at Brasenose College till 1889 to have a banquet on Shrove Tuesday, when the butler presented a bowl of ale to the company and recited a poem composed for the occasion every year by one of the members. Collections of these Brasenose poems were published in 1857 and 1878, the latter containing sixty-seven poems by various authors, including Bishop Heber. *Prior's liquor*—John Prior, sen., was for long the butler, and the ale poems abound in references to him; *Cain and Abel*—the statue of Cain and Abel, attributed to Giovanni da Bologna, vanished from Brasenose quadrangle in 1881, and was afterwards destroyed. Originally planted there in 1727 by Dr. George Clarke, it took the place of a maze, much to the disgust of Hearne, who could not bear the "silly statue." "Occasionally," says Mr. Buchan, the historian of Brasenose, ". . . both figures would be habited in odd raiment and coloured red by sportive gentlemen of the College."
- 191 244 Squarcialupu's song in *Palicio*, Act iii. Sc. 2.
- 197 252 This appeared for the first time in *The Book of the Horace Club*. Oxford. 1901.
- 198 253 From *Ballads* (Elkin Matthews, 1903); Captain Stratton, Mr. Masefield tells me, was an old pirate who practised his profession off the coast of Chili.

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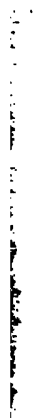
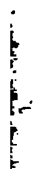
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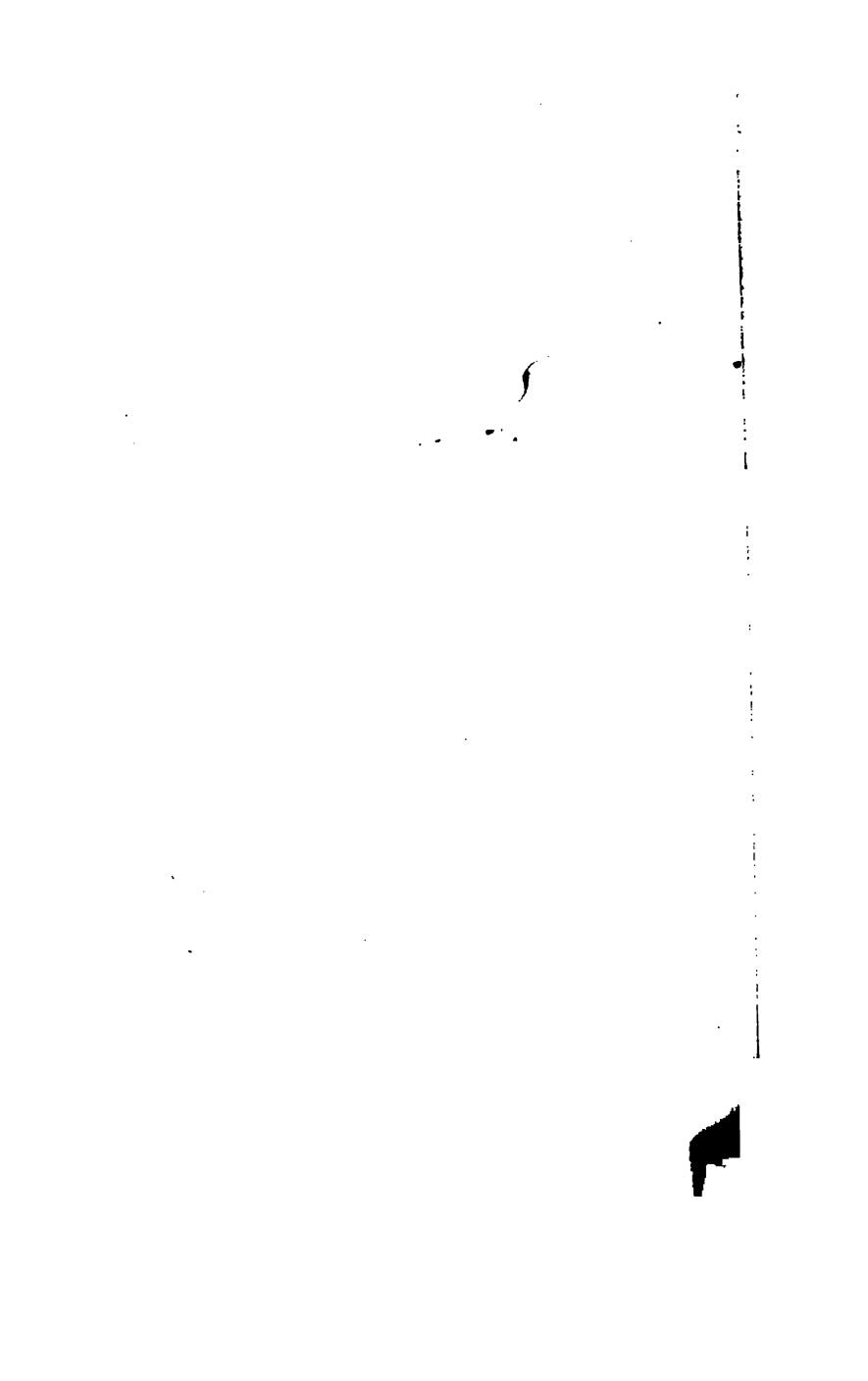


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